

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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RETROSPECT.

Oh! to go back in our lives,
Too live them over again,
Knowing all that now we know,
Seeing all we saw not then.

Oh! to refrain from speaking
Where that hasty word was said,
Oh! but to break that silence
Which weighs on our heart like lead.

Oh! but to tarry once more
At that point where two roads met,
And choose as we chose not then,
Made wise by a life's regret.

Oh! but to set out afresh
With some who from earth are fled,
Now we've read them by the radiance
Death sheds around the dead!

Thus cry we now and again
In words of remorseful pain,
Yet deep in our heart of hearts
Thank God that the prayer is vain.
L. J. W.

THE SONG SHE SANG.

SHE sang it, sitting on a stile,
One evening of a summer's day;
Beside her, at her feet, the while,
Half-hid in grass and flowers, I lay.
So calm and clear her soft voice rang,
In unison with one dear bird,
That near her, on a tree-top, sang,
At time 'twas doubtful which I heard.

And, lying there among the flowers,
I listened like to one who hears,
In murmurings of the passing hours,
The mightier music of the years.

I listened, and the swelling notes,
Borne far on dewy breezes bland,
Seemed taken up by seraph throats,
And chorused by a heavenly band.

Now she is gone; yet that sweet strain,
Still gathering charms unknown before,
Will make a music in the brain,
And haunt my heart for evermore.

Chambers' Journal.

LOST.

HE found at dawn in woodlands deep,
Sweet buds still wrapp'd in dewy sleep.
He cast them on the murrain's tide,
And wistful said, "I'll walk beside,
I will not hold them to my heart,
Lest very love should death impart,
But when the heat of day has past
The flowers shall cool my brow at last!"

The sound of bells, the song of birds,
He would not hear, nor children's words.
He would not see two soft blue eyes
That sought his own with sad surprise—
Half ling'ring said, "No, no, not yet!"
And turn'd away with faint regret,
And so they pass'd unmark'd away,
The glories of that summer-day.

With that glad day each sweet sound died,
The flowers were lost upon the tide,
And when night fell in cold repose
The stars beheld the blue eyes close.
Ah, foolish heart! thou wouldst not stay
And seize the brightness of to-day,
Nought now remains but longing vain,—
The past can never come again!
Gentleman's Magazine. R.R.

TRUST.

I HAVE no rule, O Saviour, but Thy will;
I have no chart but Thine unerring word;
I have no guide but Thy clear whisper, heard
Above, behind, around, within me still.
I cannot trust my reason; questions fill
My mind, if e'er I seek to walk alone:
I cannot trust my heart; 'tis only known
To Thee, who searchest all its depths of ill:
I cannot trust my fellows; weak like me,
They have no strength or skill which is not
Thine:
Lo! in Thy light, O Lord, true light I see:
Behold, I lean on Thy dear arm divine:
All my fresh springs, Redeemer, are in Thee:
So life, love, joy, and heaven itself are mine!
Good Words

FINIS.

THE word that cannot be recalled is spoken:
Here the death-angel holds eternal sway,
Binding forever in his still dominion
The pensive, passive clay.

Out from the clear, dead brows, so calm and
noble,
A fine white shimmering radiance sadly beams,
And, like the shining nimbus of a blessed saint,
Its pallid glory gleams.

Down over orbs touched by Death's icy fingers
The faintly fringed, frozen eyelids fall;
The fair, fond bloom from cheek and lip has
faded,
And silence reigns supremely over all.

This royal state no thunder-tone shall startle,
Or break the mighty charm of rapt repose.
A spell imperious checks each wave of feeling,
And all the earthly portals softly close.
Evening Post. E. P. DE LESDERNIER.

From The Edinburgh Review.
LETTERS AND DISCOVERIES OF SIR
CHARLES BELL.*

THIRTY years have passed since the death of the distinguished physiologist whose letters are published in the volume before us; and the volume itself has been for some time in the hands of readers. We need not, however, offer any apology for devoting a few pages to an analysis of its contents, and of the character, merits, and services of a most accomplished and remarkable man; thinking that it may not be devoid of interest to a new generation to study the career and characteristics of one of the most unobtrusive, but, in our times, one of the greatest benefactors of our race. In these letters we find photographed the inner life and common thoughts of one who united to rare practical genius social graces and tastes which do not always accompany it. The picture is a very pleasing one, and suggests several points of interesting reflection.

Sir Charles Bell was the youngest of four brothers, all of whom started in the race of life with few adventitious aids. Their father was an Episcopal clergyman, in the north of Scotland, who brought up his family on the slender emoluments which, in the last century, such a vocation implied. Even now, the clergy of that communion in Scotland are but scantily provided for; but, in those days, they had but precarious and very limited sources of income. Although generally some of the wealthier classes attended their ministrations, they were still in the rank of Dissenting clergy, with little hold on the body of the people, and with but little means or hope of extending their influence, or of raising their position. The father of these young men came of a Presbyterian house, but had changed his ecclesiastical views at college; and he lived and died in the humble calling he had chosen, and left to his family little but the independent spirit of his example, and the refined and intellectual cast of his character.

The career of his four sons — Robert, John, George, and Charles, although none of them rose to any pinnacle of worldly

fortune, affords an instructive lesson to the aspiring spirit of youth. They all made their mark on the world, and were eminent and distinguished in the professions which they adopted. They started in very narrow circumstances, and were sustained by their own self-reliance, and by mutual aid. They were a type of what Scotchmen in those days were. We are not sure that the type remains; but we may see in their history, and read very clearly and graphically portrayed in this little volume, the national character as it stood towards the end of last century. That century had done great things for Scotland. The Union had carried off its Parliament, and among other results had carried off with the Parliament a host of jobbers and intriguers who had repressed and stifled the energies of the nation. From that time, rivalry with England in the field of intellect, and a desire to gain not a local but an imperial position, was the incentive which fired every well-descended Scot. At home, political eminence was all but excluded; but the energies of the race were devoted to two sources of progress — to the cultivation of their barren hills and marshy plains, and to those intellectual pursuits which might bring them up to the mark of their richer sister. Before the century had nearly closed, these efforts, pursued amid many disadvantages, had resulted in the formation of a Scottish school of agriculture and of a Scottish school of literature. The golden prizes of the East thrown open to her sons, sent back many a cadet of an ancient house, who had left the ancestral castle penniless, to spend his well-earned rupees on the slopes and valleys of his native land. Meanwhile the reputation of Hume, Adam Smith, Robertson, and Reid had founded a school not of thought only, but of study. To write as these men had written, so as to command the attention and applause of England, was the one great ambition of the aspiring Scottish student, and the desire infused into the scholastic and academic life an amount of impulse and incentive to thorough work which we fear has in these days much abated.

The four brothers, of whom Sir Charles

* *Memoir and Letters of the late Sir Charles Bell*, London: 1870.

Bell was the youngest, were very early deprived of their father, who died in 1779. At this time the eldest, Robert, was little over twenty-one; the second, John, was only seventeen; George, only nine, and Charles, five. Yet, like more than one Scottish family—the Malcolms, for instance, to whom Sir John and Sir Pulteney belonged—they all became distinguished. But the Malcolms, although only the sons of a substantial Scottish yeoman, had good friends and early advantages. The family of the poor Episcopal clergyman had no such aid. Under what difficulties they received their early training may be gathered from the fact simply told in a little memoir compiled by George:—"Our circumstances," he said, "were so narrow, that my education was much stunted, the rest of the family expenses having gradually increased; so that my schooling, which required no more than five shillings a quarter, could not be continued after I was eleven years old." The rest was accomplished by his own private study, and the efforts of a most affectionate and praiseworthy mother. Such were the foundations on which, in those days, the energy and aspirations of Scottish youth could build the attainments and cultivation of a gentleman and a scholar.

Of the four brothers, Robert, the eldest, on whose exertions probably much of the progress of the family depended, had the least conspicuous career, although he was a man of undoubted ability, kindly disposition, and clear judgment. He adopted the legal profession, and was admitted a member of the Society of Writers to the Signet. He ultimately became Professor of Conveyancing in that body, and was the author of several practical works of standard reputation on various legal subjects. He died in Edinburgh in 1816.

The second son, John Bell, was a much more remarkable man, and was gifted with rare powers of very varied and uncommon quality. Devoted, as it was said, by his father, out of gratitude for a successful operation of which he was the subject, to the medical profession, he became one of the most renowned surgeons of his time. Slender as may have been his original advantages, he not only obtained a thorough

education, but had travelled through Russia and the north of Europe, before he commenced his professional career. Between 1786 and 1796, young as he was, he lectured with great success on surgery in Edinburgh, and very early formed for himself a high reputation; while as an operator his fame became second to none in Europe, and many resorted to him from England and all parts of the Continent. He had many accomplishments. He was a clever draughtsman, a good classic, and had literary knowledge, as well as literary ability, of a high order. After failing health had compelled him to travel, he wrote and illustrated a volume of "Observations on Italy," indicating considerable powers of appreciation as well as of composition. He died at Rome in 1820.

He was a singular, restless, persistent, combative man, inspired with a volatile essence of genius, which made him popular, interesting, and sometimes uncertain. His good taste, refined artistic perception, his love and knowledge of music, and his resources in conversation, rendered him a favourite in society. His enthusiasm for his profession, and his habits of thorough investigation, brought him to its head, while his ill-concealed scorn of venerable pomposity embroiled him with many combatants. We looked the other day into a volume which contained the letters of "Jonathan Dawplucker," a sobriquet which having been used against John Bell by a professional antagonist, he adopted in a very effective retort. It was a provincial squabble among Edinburgh surgeons; and one cannot help being amused by the power and vigour expended in a conflict, the cause of which no reader of the present day can discover. But the combatants, Barclay, John Bell, and Gregory, were masters of their weapons; and even in total ignorance of the *casus belli*, it is impossible not to be struck, as well as diverted, by the keenness of John Bell's style, his fertility of illustration, and his wonderful command of picturesque personality.

George Joseph Bell, the third son, was eight years younger than John, having been born in 1770. We have already mentioned how scanty were the resources of

his education. Yet indomitable spirit carried him through, and he joined the Scottish Bar in 1791. He says he was then devoid of friends and interest, but he was, before long, the centre of a very brilliant circle. He was contemporary with Scott and Jeffrey, and some years older than Brougham, Horner, Cockburn, and Moncreiff; but with them and their associates his lot in life was cast, and he maintained throughout a long and distinguished career a foremost place among them. As a lawyer, he has left a reputation which renders his authority scarcely inferior to that of Lord Stair, the great oracle and arbiter of Scottish Jurisprudence. His great work on the Laws of Bankruptcy, which was afterwards expanded into a profound Commentary on Mercantile Law, will ever remain as a monument of his learning, sagacity, and logical power. It was the first attempt which had been made, with the exception of some desultory although ingenious essays by Lord Kames, to harmonize and elucidate the principles of the Law-merchant as practically applied in the Courts of the two kingdoms. Its authority and reputation has grown rather than diminished since his death, not only in Scotland but in England and in America;* and every resort to it in order to solve emerging questions only tends to illustrate more strongly the perspicacity and breadth of his legal knowledge. The present Bankrupt Law of Scotland, with which traders seem to be fairly satisfied, has been built entirely on the foundations which he laid, and conduces not less to the substantial benefit of the nation than many more ostentatious although not more solid reforms.

His professional career as regards practice was for many years very successful. He had unusual powers of work and thorough knowledge of his profession, and especially as a consulting counsel stood very high. But Themis is a fickle goddess, and in the jostling of the distinguished crowd to which he belonged, in the end he was distanced by younger men. He belonged to the unfashionable school of Whig politicians; nor did the sun of patronage

begin to shine on that side of the wall until George Joseph Bell had passed his meridian. At one time his promotion to the Bench seemed certain. He had been summoned to give evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons, in 1824, on the state of the Law of Scotland, and was placed on a commission of inquiry which was then appointed. But although Sir Robert Peel, much to his honour, appointed shortly afterwards four of the Whig leaders to the Scottish Bench, they were all in front of him in professional practice. His acceptance of the Chair of Scots Law in the University of Edinburgh, although his election was a deserved tribute to his eminence, rather increased the current which drifted him from ordinary business.

So, however, it was. The ebb of the waters set in, as it has done with many another man of mark in that unstable ocean. It did so with Henry Erskine, who had been a leader at the Bar of Scotland for twenty-five years, and it did so with George Joseph Bell. His later years were spent in the less ambitious duties of his professorship, and those of the office of one of the principal clerks of the Court of Session, in which Walter Scott had preceded him.

In private he was a most amiable, cultivated, and agreeable man. He was refined, even fastidious in his tastes, and ardent in all intellectual pursuits. With none of the mercurial restlessness of his elder brother, he was graver, and of sedate and dignified deportment. But he was full of latent fire and life; a sound though not surly critic; popular with his own circle, and very genial and kindly to a rising generation—a sure sign of a well-regulated heart. A noble picture of him by Raeburn, one of that master's best portraits, hangs in the great hall of the Parliament House in Edinburgh, where it holds a worthy place in a collection remarkable both for subject and for artistic merit. It recalls very vividly the features and expression of the Professor, and the combined acuteness and geniality of his pleasant face. But had he been left to choose a memorial for himself, we are not sure but he would have preferred to the

* His work is quoted in the American Case before the Geneva Court of Arbitration.

enduring fame of his Commentaries, or the immortality conferred by the pencil of Raeburn, the unobtrusive but most touching and graceful lineaments sketched in the volume before us. The letters of Sir Charles Bell are letters mainly to his brother George — commenced in comparative youth, and continued throughout the struggles, successes, and anxieties of riper age. The warm-hearted affection and thorough sympathy which subsisted between the two brothers is charmingly portrayed in the series of letters before us. They represent the younger in an interesting and attractive light; but on the whole they are more in this respect the memorial of George than of Charles. It is natural and usual for a warm-hearted and affectionate younger brother to look up with admiration and love to one some years his elder, and already launched on the stream of life. But it is rarely that the elder, engaged in the novelty and excitement of the life struggle, with new associates and new cares, will open his heart, and surrender his attention to anxieties, and interests, and associations he has so long left behind. In this respect the mingled paternal and fraternal solicitude exhibited throughout these letters by the older for the younger — the generous pride which he takes, and the confidence he reposes in his brother's abilities, the soundness of judgment and the warmth of heart which are ever at his command — indicate a character at once elevated and solid, devoid alike of selfishness and of impatience. Fatherless himself, he took his fatherless brother to his arms, and from the first trod the path of life with him in equal companionship. Both lived to see the hardships of their early days crowned by reputation and applause, and to rejoice over the successes of the other.

The brothers had not been separated during thirty years before these letters begin. They parted at last in 1804, when Charles left Edinburgh for London. George writes in his Memorandum, "I felt when he went away that he had left me never to meet again except for a visit; that our long brotherly life of companionship was at an end. Yet I believed this to be most manifestly for his advantage, and forced my inclination to advise and promote it." He had his reward for his gentle and kindly fostering of his brother in his steadfast affection and growing fame.

Charles, with whose course we are chiefly concerned, must have been a remarkable boy, as he was a remarkable man. Al-

though naturally of an ardent and joyous temperament — finding sources of pleasure in common things, "contented wi' little and canty wi' mair," as the Scotch song has it — there ran a thread of melancholy through the texture of his character, not unusual in the case of those whose early years have been marked by adversity. Witnessing daily, even before he could understand them, his mother's constant cares and struggles, marking the troubled cast of thought and the weary lines, worked by an unequal contest with the world, on the face he so dearly loved, tinged the complexion and current of his thoughts. To that overworked anxious mother he seems to have been devoted. He wrote of her: "For twenty years of my life I had but one wish — to gratify my mother and to do something to alleviate what I saw her suffer;" a true and never-failing test of nobility of mind. We can see the operation of this double element of liveliness and depression — not alternate but coincident — throughout his whole career. It added sentiment and interest to his character, if sometimes, as it did, it affected and retarded the completeness of some of his greatest efforts.

He was a thoughtful, ardent, desponding, idle, ambitious boy, chained and subdued by an inability to master the ordinary schoolboy tasks — an inability often more imaginary than real, and consisting not so much in unfitness to go the pace as in starting too far behind in the race. One can easily understand, that with the previous desultory training which his home could furnish, his two years at the High School were years of torture and humiliation. We have heard of a professor of mathematics, who used to say, that in his first session he was only one problem in advance of his students. But one problem was enough. He was never overtaken. So it may often happen that a clever boy's school days may be wholly overshadowed by the simple fact that he started behind the rest, and never overtook them. But it soon appeared that he was no ordinary youth. Education, he himself said, he had none beyond what he learned from his mother. His real training was the example of his brothers. John had become a celebrated man while Charles was still at school, and George was at the bar when Charles was seventeen. From their example and from George's counsel he gained the spark which fired his ambition. He soon discovered where his strength lay. In exact science he began to find all things easy; and he possessed, like his

brother John, a rare facility with his pencil, which was fostered by his intimacy with David Allan, a painter of considerable merit, who took kindly to the clever lad, and hailed him as a brother of the brush. Rambles round Edinburgh with George, in walks in which they dreamed ambitious dreams and built castles in the air, formed no slight part of his early training. Some of these castles, however, were really built afterwards on solid ground. George recounts one ramble in which they formed the magnanimous resolution that each should write a book, and the walk bore fruit in the lawyer's "Commentaries on the Law of Scotland," and the young surgeon's "System of Dissections."

Such was the training with which Charles Bell started as the assistant of his brother John, to whose profession he had been long destined. Such had been his progress that George says of him, "Charles's natural clearness of head, and neatness of hand, and the vigorous correctness of his conceptions, made him an admirable surgeon, and one of the first anatomists of the day, when he was yet a boy not entered on life. John Bell had great originality, and an active creative mind. He probably was a greater benefactor to the science of surgery than the wrangling and jealousies of the time permitted to be recognized. The main novelty of his teaching was the application of anatomy and pathology to surgery; an association of cognate branches which, although so plainly essential, was at that day strangely but greatly neglected. Charles Bell's position as his assistant was, probably, more useful to him than altogether pleasant. John had been for years launched on the waters of controversy before his youngest brother joined him; and their disparity of years, and a dash of peremptory impatience, as is the wont of clever elder brothers, rendered their association not one quite on an equal footing. But whatever might be the roughnesses he may have encountered, Charles's sunny temper and quiet courage made light of them. In his brother's rapid energy and intellectual vigour he found an unceasing spur to his own powers of thought and reflection. His admiration of him was intense; and the amount he learned from him when he prevailed on him to pour out his stores, he always referred to as invaluable. "He did *dunch* and press one," he writes after his brother's death; "but since I lived with him, I have scarcely enjoyed what may be called conversation."

Charles Bell remained associated with

John until 1804. Previously to 1798, his duties were mainly confined to attendance at the dissecting rooms, furnishing his brother with drawings and preparations, in which he was singularly expert, and assisting him in composing and illustrating his surgical and anatomical works, the plates to some of which he contributed. The amount of unpretending but solid aid which John Bell received from him, especially in those publications on which the great fame of the former to this day rests, was very valuable. In 1798 Charles applied for admission to the College of Surgeons in Edinburgh. So hotly burned the flame of professional discord, that an attempt was actually made to disqualify John's pupils on the ground that he himself had been irregularly admitted fifteen years before; and it required a threat of legal proceedings before the College authorities consented to admit him. From that time forward Charles was combined with John in the course of lectures, and their success was immense. Charles had published in two volumes his "System of Dissections," and remained living in his brother George's house until he left for London. His publications had brought him considerable reputation; and, in particular, his skill as a draughtsman, through the plates to the published works, had made his name very favourably known to the profession south of the Tweed. His proficiency as an operator, rapid and resolute, had often excited attention and admiration, and as a lecturer he had a class of about ninety pupils. But the medical squabbles of the time in which his brother's keen wit and sharp pen had involved himself and the profession rendered the position of Charles irksome. They resulted in the managers of the Infirmary excluding from operating within its walls all members of the College of Surgeons who had not attained a certain seniority. This somewhat arbitrary proceeding excluded both John and Charles Bell from a field essential to their public teaching. John Bell ceased to lecture; and Charles resolved to quit Edinburgh, and launch his solitary canoe on the wide waters of London.

Before we take our leave of the metropolis of the North, and follow Charles Bell's fortunes to England, let us turn back for a moment, and recall the position, features, and society of the city which he quitted, and sketch hastily some of the more prominent characteristics of a circle, circumscribed indeed, but still embracing some elements of distinction and interest,

and containing at that time the seeds of progress which were destined ere long to bear important fruit. In 1804 Scottish society was in a transition state. The nobility and landed gentry, deeply imbued with the old Jacobite spirit, had transferred to a large extent their royalist predilections to the reigning Sovereign, not so much from favour to the Hanoverian dynasty, as from dislike to the principles of democratic government. It was a singular transition, but not an unnatural or inconsistent one. Culloden still rankled in their hearts, nor was the Union absolutely forgiven; but face to face with the French Revolution, they had to deal with an enemy nearer their gates; and they rallied round the dynastic principle of prerogative as embodied in the person of George III. with the same loyalist devotion as that which inspired their ancestors in the '15 or the '45. Country society in those days of impassable roads, when as yet neither Macadam nor Stephenson had arisen, was difficult; and the lairds generally spent their winter months in Edinburgh, when they could afford it, or, if not, in their nearest country towns. Even so small a place as Anstruther, on the coast of Fife, was wont to be the winter residence of some of the county magnates.

In this way Edinburgh at the commencement of the century became, during its busy winter months, while the University was in session and its Courts of Law in their fullest activity, the resort of men of position from many quarters; and this gave to its social circles, and the men of intellect and education who had influence over them, a certain national character which has hardly been maintained since. Facility of communication always has a tendency to provincialize all but the actual capital; and Edinburgh, although flourishing still, and grown to much larger dimensions than she possessed in 1804, has not altogether escaped its effects.

When Charles Bell turned his steps from Edinburgh, he left behind him a city much changed indeed from what it had been during centuries of its history, but very different also in aspect from the features it now presents. For fifty years preceding, her dignitaries had begun to emerge from their dwellings in the narrow alleys branching off the High Street, and to occupy the more modern residences of the New Town on the northern side of the Castle Hill. It is doubtful whether the change—not without a certain picturesque element of its own—has not left something to regret. Our ancestors

were not so ignorant of sanitary laws, nor so regardless of atmospheric conditions, as has sometimes been supposed. Old Edinburgh, encircled and protected by its rare amphitheatre of hill and rock, and sloping to either side of the ridge, had the advantage of shelter and natural drainage; and although compressed mainly for purposes of defence, and sadly deficient in cleanliness, was not ill adapted to the exigencies of a northern climate, exposed to the blasts which cross the German Ocean. To quit the fastnesses which nature had provided, and give battle to the elements in the open plateau of the New Town, without a single barrier against their artillery, was questionable strategy. A wiser general would have extended his lines to the southward, in a direction in which the citizens are at last retreating—a situation not less romantic, and with a climate much more salubrious.

In 1804 the New Town was bounded on the north by the terrace of Queen Street, which is now the centre of that part of the city. From the description given by Sir John Stoddart in his "Remarks on Local Scenery and Manners in Scotland in 1799 and 1800," it appears that the ground in front of it was at that time entirely unoccupied and untrimmed, although the magnificent view which it commanded of the Frith of Forth, and its well wooded and undulating foreground, made it, what it has long ceased to be, the fashionable promenade in summer evenings. The same writer says: "Edinburgh, however improved in opulence and comfort by the Union, has lost much of the species of grandeur arising from the residences of the Court and nobility. The latter, like the hotels of the French noblesse, had an insulated character very distinct from the houses of the wealthy citizens; some of them remain, as Queensbury House, Lothian House, &c., but the greater part have undergone strange revolutions." "The Lord Justice Clerk Tinwald's house was possessed in 1783 by a French teacher; Lord President Craigie's by a rousing wife, or saleswoman of old furniture; and Lord Drummorie's house was left by a chairman for want of accommodation." The exodus to the New Town, however, was not universal; and even within memory one very distinguished and characteristic specimen of the old school, the late Sir William Miller (Lord Glenlie), who sat on the Bench for about fifty years, used to be carried in his sedan-chair in full court suit from his house in Brown Square up the narrow "close"

or alley which led to the Parliament House.

The same transition from the French to the English model was in operation on Scottish intellect, education, and culture. The Edinburgh circle of the period we write of was probably the last which retained a tinge of the old Continental polish, which had till then formed so large an element in Scottish manners and learning. Indeed, in all branches of intellectual cultivation the Scottish student had formed himself on European models. The time, no doubt, had long passed when the Scottish man of letters was as much at home in the French and Italian schools of learning as in his own — when Buchanan was a professor first in a French, and then in a Portuguese university; and when even a man of action like Knox was master of the languages of France and Italy, and spoke them familiarly in his family. Still even at the time of which we write, the Scottish student was wont to draw his law and his medicine from the schools of Leyden or Utrecht. His theology and Church polity had sprung from Geneva; and both in exact and in mental science he formed himself on the example of Continental philosophers. All this was in great measure to cease. The closing of the Continent caused by the wars of Europe barred the egress of the next generation; and although the literature of Europe is cultivated now more widely than it ever was, the old-fashioned flavour of foreign modes of thought and speech and manners has left the ancient winged Castle of the North never to return.

This, the last generation of the traditional Scottish school, however, could boast a very distinguished circle of able men, in society, in the University, on the Bench, at the Bar, and in the Church; and Edinburgh, combining as it did the luminaries of the Law with the most distinguished ornaments of the University, brought a very brilliant intellectual assembly within a comparatively narrow circle. The professional men of that day were almost uniformly of varied and solid acquirements. The Bench was no longer lighted up by the ingenious philosophy of Kames and Monboddo; but Lord President Campbell and Lord Justice Clerk Macquhen were profound and powerful lawyers; and few men who have occupied the Bench ever combined in a greater degree general accomplishment with legal eminence than Allan Maconochie and Sir William Miller. Henry Erskine, Robert Blair, Charles Hope, and John Clerk were

the leaders of the Bar. The first, Lord Erskine's elder, and probably abler, brother, was the charm of society, as he was the ornament of his profession. The second, afterwards the President of the Court, stood pre-eminent for legal knowledge, dignified elocution, and thorough scholarship. The third, Charles Hope, who succeeded Blair as the head of the Court, was thought by Brougham the most eloquent speaker he ever heard. He held his high position until 1842. The last, John Clerk, was a very learned, able, and eccentric man. For many years he held the ring of general practice without a rival. Utterly scornful of the graces, utterly contemptuous of dignities, the avowed despiser of constituted authorities in the law, and believing very thoroughly only in himself, he was withal a man of deep and varied learning, with a grim but genuine and caustic humour, and considerable taste. The young Whig lawyers were nurtured under his wing, and regarded with deserved respect his legal power and his vast erudition.

The Universities, which, under Adam Smith, Reid, Robertson and Ferguson, had risen to great reputation, worthily maintained it under their successors. Dr. Black had but just ceased his labours as Professor of Chemistry, a chair to which his fame had attached a European celebrity. The venerable Alexander Monro *Secundus* had but lately handed over to his son the Chair of Anatomy, which he had done so much to adorn; and Cullen's great reputation was equalled, and his academic popularity even surpassed, by his successor Gregory. The latter was an imposing and formidable autocrat. The irreverent "Jonathan Dawplucker" declared that he was the fifteenth professor in lineal descent in his family. He ruled with undisputed sway over the physical framework of his fellow-citizens, with a firm but kindly sceptre, for nearly twenty years more, and was carried to the grave amid demonstrations of popular interest and respect which are rarely evoked. But there were three men occupying chairs of public instruction in Scotland during Charles Bell's early manhood, who, although they had no direct influence on his career, were yet so instrumental in moulding the modes of thought of the society to which he belonged, and were such powerful agents in determining the subsequent current of affairs, that this sketch would be imperfect without some mention of them.

Lord Cockburn in his Memorials has de-

scribed the state of political feeling which was prevalent in his younger days in Edinburgh society. The Tory reign was absolute, and brooked no resistance. The avengers were no doubt at hand, but in the form of a knot of unknown young men, with neither ancestral nor social distinction; and who, although their names were Brougham, Horner, Jeffrey, Mackintosh, and Sydney Smith, with a circle of friends of their own age, were as little considered by the dominant rulers of society or of the learned professions, as any other insignificant members of the rising generation. To these George Joseph Bell attached his fortunes, and among them Charles Bell found the companions of his youth and the friendships which lasted for his life. But the three men who more than any other determined their future course were John Millar, John Playfair, and Dugald Stewart.

John Millar was Professor of Law in Glasgow—a Whig, and something more in political opinion—a lecturer of immense range and power of expression, and with that magnetic influence which seems an instinct, of attracting, warming, and charming the enthusiasm of youth. In vain did the exacting spirit of conformity to the tenets in vogue brood over Scotland, while session after session, to fresh relays of eager and delighted listeners, John Millar's eloquence fixed deeply in their minds the principles of free constitutional government. His class thus became a great training school for the lawyers and statesmen of the next generation; and many of them in after-life owned that Millar's prelections had first given the impulse which stimulated them throughout life. It is said that both Jeffrey and Brougham were his pupils. Lord Melbourne, Lord Lauderdale, Moncreiff, and many others certainly were so; but there can be no question that the bold lines of thought on which the "Edinburgh Review" was afterwards constructed, were first laid down by his masterly hand. He died in 1801. In our ninth volume an article from the pen of Jeffrey records, with grateful homage, the services of this great instructor.

The others, Playfair and Dugald Stewart, were Professors in the University of Edinburgh, and in the zenith of their reputation when Charles Bell left. The former, who was Professor first of Mathematics and then of Natural Philosophy, and President of the Royal Society, was a man of rare accomplishments, of the highest scientific distinction, and of great social

influence. He too, although unobtrusive in his demeanor, was a frequent contributor to our pages. The name of the last is too well known in the annals of philosophy to require lengthened notice. But he was the centre in Edinburgh circles of all that was distinguished in literature, science, or intellect, while as a public lecturer he was, and has remained, without a rival. He raised the Chair of Moral Philosophy to very high reputation; and, in consequence, his house was selected for the residence of several pupils of rank. Lord Ashburton, Lord Dudley, Lord Warwick, Lord Palmerston, and his brother Mr. Temple, were inmates of his house about the beginning of the century; at which time it was the resort, as his son Colonel Stewart tells us, "of all who were most distinguished for genius, acquirements, or elegance, in Edinburgh, and of all the foreigners who were led to visit the capital of Scotland." His house stood near the foot of the Canon-gate. Sixty years afterwards, Lord Palmerston, being in Edinburgh, went to look at his old haunt, but was disappointed to find a brewery occupying its place. There was, however, one relic left of his student life. An aged female, who had been the professor's "lass" in his college days, still survived; and the good-natured premier went off one morning by himself, and paid the old lady a visit at her lodging at the south side. "Eh, maister Harry, hae ye come back at last?" is said to have been the exclamation with which she received him.

Our canvas would be incomplete without one other figure, in a humbler sphere, no doubt, than those we have mentioned, but of one who probably, as much as any, swayed the tone and cast of opinion in the next generation of Scotsmen. We mean Dr. Adam, at that time rector of the High School of Edinburgh. It was the school of Scotland at that time, and within its walls, at the cost of a few pounds a year at the most, the sons of peers and those of peasants, of lairds and lawyers and shopkeepers, and even artisans, were trained together. There Scott, and Brougham, and Horner, and Jeffrey, and a long list besides, received the elements of their instruction, and had the means of carrying scholarship to some degree of critical eminence. Like other old characteristics, this one also has departed. The High School remains and flourishes; but the system which brought together on one form the scions of nobility and the sons of artisans has perished. It had its drawbacks, but it had also its influence for good; and, could

it have continued, social lines would have been less marked at the present day. Adam was a considerable scholar, a great and enthusiastic teacher, and an ardent lover of liberty, as schoolmasters are apt to be. Charles Bell thought him a tyrant, but only because the defects of his early education prevented him from appreciating his qualities. He raised the school to great reputation, and had the art of infusing his own spirit into the boys, and of rousing in their minds an enthusiasm equal to his own. His detestation of despotism, and his zeal for freedom, pervaded the whole complexion of his teaching; and there can be no doubt that the seed he flung broadcast germinated and ripened in the next generation.

Such was Edinburgh when Charles Bell, entirely unaided and alone, left the house of his brother George, where they had spent so many years, to seek his fortunes in London, and when the series of letters which are contained in the volume before us commence. They are, to our mind, a very charming, although very fragmentary collection, and, simple as they are, leave a clear impression, not only of the things he writes of, but the manner of man who wrote them. They are mainly addressed to his brother George, and extend from 1804 to 1842, a range of thirty-eight years. They possess no pretensions of style, and are evidently the unpremeditated thoughts of the day, poured out as they arose, to one who had all his confidence. His admiration for his brother seems to have had no bounds. "Horner and Jeffrey," he writes in one letter, "are all very well; but they are not nearly equal to you." In writing to the lady to whom George was about to be married (Miss Shaw), he says of him, with point and sweetness, "he has many faults, and sometimes I have been teased with them, sometimes have laughed at them, and always, on recollection, have liked them better than the best virtues of other people." The concord of brothers could go no farther.

But although the letters are entirely devoid of literary pretension, they are by no means devoid of epistolary merit or interest. On the contrary, they are full of what letters ought to contain—light and shade, cloud and sunshine, a dash of genial and discriminating humour, and sentiment always manly, if sometimes sombre. He sketches off passing events with a light, firm and incisive hand; and we could fill pages with his vignettes, full of spirit and life.

The character of the man, thus written by himself, comes out as clear and trans-

parent as it really was. There was nothing of the inscrutable or reticent about him. Ardent and kindly, intent on progress, and eager, even fretting to be on, he could yet stop by the wayside to jest with a passer-by and admire even a roadside flower. Though he chafed under obstacles, he was never daunted by them, but pursued the end he had seen far off in spite of all discouragement. True of heart, and sweet of temper, we should take him from his letters to have been, although at times answering to the ruffling of the breeze. His nervous temperament and his moral constitution seem to have been alike sensitive; but what gives this book its charm is the high, refined, and manly tone of thought which it indicates, loving the good wherever it is found, and nursing within the sacred fire of pure and noble ambition. So he charmed all who came into close contact with him, and discerned the mingled truth and gentleness of the man.

Intellectually, beneath this surface of simple and playful confidence, it is not difficult to trace the suggestions of the power beneath—the clear, subtle, discerning spirit, fertile and original, which in the end has made his name illustrious. Nor, on the other hand, do we fail to see one element in his character which, if it was not weakness, at least concealed his strength. He wanted, so to speak, tenacity of fibre, that coarser quality which turns the finer to immediate account. While pursuing the secrets of Nature through her most occult recesses, and throwing light on her darkest corners, he would not stop to proclaim what he had found, in the ardent desire for further discovery. It was enough that he had found it; whether men knew him for the finder or not, was, if not indifferent, at least not the end for which he toiled. Some men are ever solicitous for their own fame, and are discontented even with the greatest results, unless the credit also is theirs. Others are careless of the renown, and are content with the complacency of conscious success. But Charles Bell was neither. The result once obtained was only of value to him for what lay beyond it; and so he treated with what almost amounted to indifference the most brilliant achievement, in the pursuit of still more hidden truth. Who but himself would have allowed a discovery which was not less important than that of Harvey to lie for more than ten years utterly dormant, although he was perfectly aware both of its certainty and its immense importance? The reward of his neglect was that his discovery was first questioned,

and then claimed by others; and the world is only now beginning to do justice to one whose devotion to science and indifference to self it is only now able to comprehend. Still Charles Bell would have been even a greater man had he been of harder texture.

Such is our general estimate of the book and the man. His career, as indicated in these pages, is interesting as the record of the struggles, successes, and vicissitudes of a great intellect, surrounded by many obstacles, encountered, and, for the most part, surmounted, with great courage. He went to London, as we have said, almost without a friend. Such friends as he had were of that spirited and brilliant, but quite obscure circle, of whom we have spoken. Our Review had only seen its first year, but its editor, Jeffrey, was the fast friend of the two brothers. When Charles Bell arrives in London, those he consorts with are mainly refugees like himself. He dines with the Edinburgh Club, "about fifteen of us, mostly of the law—all except Smith (Sydney) and Elmsly the Grecian." He adds, "I was terribly annoyed with Greek the whole time." This was two months after his arrival. A month or two afterwards (July, 1805) he dines with Longman. "All Scotch—Horner, Brougham, Allen, S. Smith, Abernethy. No one will interfere with my language." Abernethy and the host were the only men of celebrity in the party; yet it is not long before Fame's trumpet begins to sound the names of the others. On the accession of the Whig Government in 1806 he writes with wonder of the new dignities of his college friends: "It is a curious thing to see our old boyish acquaintances getting places in the Ministry. Horner's office, I am told, is worth 1,500*l.* a year. Brougham, I understand, is to be made private secretary to Fox." It was not so; but the two Edinburgh lads had made much way in the interval.

Charles Bell's first intercourse with Jeffrey after quitting Edinburgh seems to have been in September 1806, on the occasion of the duel, or attempted duel, between Jeffrey and Moore. Charles Bell's account of the combat has a spice of drollery in it. In a letter to his brother's intended wife on this topic, he says with demure solemnity: "Even to-day the proof of this is before me in a letter where a valued public character (Jeffrey) is taking leave of the world, and conjuring him (George Bell) to support his afflicted friends."

There is not much of Brougham in the early part of the volume, but of Horner

many notices, all redolent of that generous and kindly spirit which he possessed. He seems to have been, in those early solitary days, Charles Bell's fast friend and counsellor, revising his proof sheets, and the companion of his leisure. They go together to the play, and "Frank was as enthusiastic as a boy." He gives a dinner, the object of which is to make Horner acquainted "with the 'Scotch Teniers,' Wilkie," who was a pupil of Charles Bell. John Richardson of Fludyer Street joined the band of exiles in 1806, and from that time until death separated them was his constant companion and never-failing friend. These men and Campbell the poet seem, with the exception of his medical associates, to have constituted the circle with whom he lived. In his first idle months he sometimes wanders to the play, and hears Grassini and Catalani, and sometimes to the House of Commons and hears Pitt, and Fox, and Sheridan, and Whitbread, with the result apparently of thinking less than he did of oratory in general, and those orators in particular. Fox, however, he says, cured him of a headache the others had given him by providing a new stimulus. "His manner is that of a man who has more within him than he can give utterance to, or find words to express."

These, however, are his idle thoughts, but they flow with a pleasant and genial current, and are good companions. We must now glance at his professional career on his new field.

He started with hardly a professional introduction excepting such as his reputation gave him. The teachers in the London medical schools at that time were Cline and Cooper in the Borough, Abernethy at St. Bartholomew, Sir Everard Home and Wilson in the West. He had to make his own way with them, and when he arrived in London in November 1804, his letters have an amusing air of bewilderment as to which way he is to turn. The great Baillie, then in the height of his practice, showed him much kindness, and Sir Joseph Banks, "a very kingly figure of an old man," whom he describes as surrounded by "the absurdest animals, German and French toad-eaters," gave him a general invitation. Abernethy was very kind and cordial. Sir Astley Cooper was civil; but his greatest sympathy and aid came from Lynn, the surgeon to the Westminster Hospital, and Dr. Maton, the Court physician. The latter was a man of considerable ability, unbounded kindness, and singularly polished and courtly address. It is said of him that although in

the height of the most fashionable and lucrative practice, he lived and died comparatively poor, having voluntarily devoted his great gains to the discharge of family liabilities. Such a man must have warmed to Charles Bell, and their intimacy seems to have been unbroken. He had also a fast friend in his own fellow-townsmen and contemporary Cheyne, afterwards so celebrated in Dublin, like himself one of the refugees from the strong hand of Gregory.

Withal, he was about as solitary as a man could be, and went about, as round Edinburgh of yore, dreaming dreams, and raising castles of renown: "In short, I was as romantic as any young man could be, though the prevailing cast of my mind was to gain celebrity and independence by science — and perhaps this was the most extravagant fancy of all."

Not as to celebrity, which he at last acquired, in the way we are now to recount. But doubtless had the acquisition of fortune been his main object, his devotion to science stood not a little in his way. Had he surrendered the glory of discovery for the certain emoluments of practice, there can be no question as to his power to have attained them. But who shall say his choice was not the nobler?

In his "System of Dissections," published while in Edinburgh, he had indicated a remarkable amount of reflection, as well as induction, on a subject at that time little studied or understood — the connexion between the outer demonstrations of emotion and volition, and the hidden mechanism which links them to the thinking spirit. These thoughts he had, before he left Edinburgh, elucidated in his work, the "Anatomy of Expression," a subject which his combined knowledge of anatomy and art gave him peculiar facilities for treating with effect. He brought the MS. with him to London, and at first found a difficulty in obtaining a publisher. He found that, although he had crossed the border, he had not left professional jealousy absolutely behind. He describes the envious surmises which had been produced by his new work being seen on the table of Sir Joseph Banks, and attributes them to national prejudice, in the light of which he appeared as "an insinuating young Scotchman." The truth, however, was, as we learn from a very vigorous and interesting article in the "Quarterly Review" for May, 1844, the old Edinburgh dissensions and jealousies were still at work, and had extended themselves to the profession in London to an extent greater than Bell had

dreamed of. The "Anatomy of Expression" was published at last in 1803, and at once established the reputation of the author, and assumed the rank of a standard work. His friend Dr. Maton communicated to him the desire of the Princess Elizabeth to have a copy for the Queen, which was accordingly duly presented by Maton. "Oh happiness in the extreme!" he irreverently exclaims, "that I should ever write anything fit to be dirtied by her snuffy fingers."

The book was extremely well received both by the medical profession and by artists, although the sale was slow. Flaxman and Fuseli covered him with compliments; but neither anatomical nor artistic merit could gain for him the Chair of Anatomy at the Royal Academy, although it was thrice filled during his career. We do not stop the course of this rapid notice to analyze the merits of this interesting work. It has made its own reputation. If Charles Bell had never done anything else, it was enough to have stamped him as a man of learning, originality, and genius. Its main importance to our present theme is that it was a stage on his great path of discovery.

His book made him famous, but not rich. The means of starting in practice and as a lecturer were still to be found, and in the wilderness of London not easy to find. At last he hired a house in Leicester Square, which had been the residence of Speaker Onslow, and as he found afterwards, the scene of the exhibition of the Invisible Girl, the mechanism connected with which he discovered in raising some boards in the flooring. In spite of the brave heart which the letters disclose, there is something unspeakably dreary in his description of his commencement as a lecturer in this haunted tenement. He had but forty listeners to start with at his opening anatomical lecture in January 1806, and only three pupils. Reflecting on his ninety students at Edinburgh, he betrays in his letters much discouragement, and for some time meditated return. Gradually, however, practice began to flow in his direction; and, at the end of four years and a half, he is able to write to George: "My little red book says now 990*l.*: D.'s fee will make it 1,000*l.* That is a comfortable reflection to come down to Scotland with. After a man has secured that, final success as to making money must depend on himself." The next year he writes: "On March, last, I had 1,000*l.*; this year, I hope to run near the 1,500*l.*"

He was now on what seemed the highway both to fame and fortune; and, in 1811, he married. The lady, Miss Marion Shaw, was the sister of his brother George's wife, and whatever clouds at times overshadowed the rest of his career, this union seems to have been a source of unchanging sunshine. His wife was his companion and aid in all his subsequent course, and still, we are glad to think, survives, cherishing his memory with the affectionate pride which breathes, in the "Recollections" appended to this volume. He left his dull quarters in Leicester Square, and removed to Soho Square, and there his earlier married years were spent.

Meanwhile, however, though struggling with his earlier difficulties, he had been following out a clue which he had long before laid hold of, and which enabled him to place the coping stone on his fame. In one of his letters in 1807 he writes: "I have done a more interesting *nova anatomia cerebri humani* than it is possible to conceive. I lectured on it yesterday. I prosecuted it last night till one o'clock, and I am sure it will be well received." He was just on the brink of his great discovery. The stages by which it was given to the world were characteristic, and as regarded himself and his fame, eminently injudicious. But before we proceed we must endeavour, as far as we can, and apart from the technicalities of anatomy, to convey to unscientific readers a clear impression of Charles Bell's remarkable discoveries in the physiology of the nervous system. It is a task of some difficulty, because our limits exclude detail, and a mere statement of results would be unintelligible. We must content ourselves with describing in a general way the principal truths which he established, by which he laid the foundations of a vast superstructure which subsequent labourers have reared.

The physiology of the nervous system was most confused, narrow, and unsatisfactory, when as a teacher of anatomy Charles Bell seriously applied his mind to its elucidation. Its anatomical structure, and the relations of its various parts, had been carefully investigated. It was well known that the double nerves which are distributed from either side of the spinal marrow are inclosed in a single sheath. These double nerves have two distinct roots which are not inclosed in the sheath; and of these roots, the posterior has a ganglion or bulb, and the anterior none. Every anatomist also knew that the nerves

proceeding both from the brain and from the spinal marrow were possessed of two functions—one controlling muscular action, the other conveying sensations to the *sensorium*. But it never occurred to any of them that separate nerves were needed for these separate functions. When a nerve was divided either accidentally or by a surgical operation, they observed only one invariable result—the part supplied by the severed nerve was deprived of both action and sensation. Instances must have come under their notice, one knows now, in which this double result did not take place; but the unexpected fact escaped their observation, or at least attracted no attention. Alexander Monro *Secundus*, the second of the Edinburgh professors of that name, had discovered that the ganglions, or bulbs of the spinal nerves, were formed in the posterior roots, and that the anterior roots passed the ganglion; thus furnishing a starting point to Charles Bell in his inquiries. Santorini and Wrisberg furnished him with another point by describing the two roots of the fifth pair of nerves of the brain; and Prochaska and Soemmering unwittingly supplied a third point of guidance by calling attention to the resemblance between the spinal nerves and the fifth pair. These last anatomists seemed on the very verge of the great discovery; because they said, why should the fifth nerve of the brain, after the manner of the nerves of the spine, have an anterior root passing by the ganglion and entering the third division of the nerve? But these men, eminent as they were, had not found the key which would unlock the secret and open many mysteries besides, which were as yet hidden. Antonio Scarpa, the greatest anatomist of his day, and a contemporary of Charles Bell, tried his hand at the lock, and failed. "Is the posterior root," he said, "a proper and peculiar kind of nerve, belonging exclusively to the spinal marrow, while the anterior root is a cerebral nerve?" Soemmering, seeing that three nerves went to the tongue, instead of conceiving, as is really the case, that they had three distinct functions, satisfied himself by supposing that several small nerves were equivalent to one large one; and Dr. Monro suggested that two nerves were given to the face, lest by the accidental division of one the face should be deprived of nervous power altogether. Such were the misty speculations afloat even in the highest quarters when Charles Bell began his researches. We have taken these facts from the introduction to his "Nervous System."

After much thought and careful consideration of the anatomical details, both in his own dissections and the elaborate plates of Scarpa, the happy idea took shape in his mind of looking to the origin or starting-point of the nerves, in order to find out their functions. This was the novel basis, the great initial step, in his splendid career of discovery. He observed, throughout the whole course of the spinal nerves, their exact resemblance to each other. He then proved by experiment that their two roots had different powers, and that they really were, what anatomy had indicated to him, double nerves, although combined in one sheath after starting from the double root. Till then, in the cases of severed nerves which had been observed, the nerve had been cut across after the junction; and as both combined nerves (supposed to be only one) were divided, both motion and sensation ceased. Charles Bell, by irritating the roots separately, before their junction, discovered that one of them, the anterior, which had no ganglion, presided over or conferred motion and motor power. With characteristic caution he at first satisfied himself with the conclusion that the posterior root did *not* confer motor power. Most observers would have hurried to the inference that the posterior roots, with their ganglia, bestowed sensation, and conveyed nervous influence from without inwardly. But he satisfied himself of the validity of this conclusion by a more careful process.

Among other ideas at that time current, it was believed that ganglia on nerves were intended to cut off sensation. But all the nerves which had thus been found not to confer motion had ganglia. He therefore brought this to the test of experiment, selecting two nerves of the brain—the fifth, which has a ganglion, and resembles very much the spinal nerves; and the seventh, which has no ganglion. On cutting across the nerve of the fifth pair in the face of an ass, the sensibility of the parts to which it was distributed was entirely destroyed; on cutting across the nerve of the seventh pair the sensibility was not in the slightest degree diminished. Further inquiry showed that the fifth nerve, being a ganglionic nerve, is the sole organ of sensation in the head and face; and as ganglia were thus shown not to cut off sensation, he was confirmed in the opinion that the ganglionic roots of the nerves of the spine conferred sensation. He then examined the fifth nerve of the brain more closely. It

has double roots, like those of the spinal nerves—an anterior, passing by the ganglion, and a posterior, passing into, or forming it. Charles Bell conceived that the anterior of the double nerves, common to men and animals, orders the voluntary motions. This opinion also he tested by experiment. As the unganglionic portion is distributed to certain muscles of the jaw, if that root of the nerve were divided, these muscles ought to be paralyzed. The result was as he expected—the jaw fell.

The key was now in his hand, and he used it to good purpose. Instead, however, of being seduced into a course of cruel operations on living animals, which many of his contemporaries indulged in, he adhered to his own method of following indications of anatomical research, and merely testing his conclusions by a few well-devised experiments. The other method was repulsive to his humane disposition and his inductive turn of mind, and would probably have misled him, as it did others who claimed the merit of his discoveries. By tracing upwards the anterior columns of the spinal cord from which the motor nerves were seen to emerge, and by looking to their distribution, he was able to establish, both inferentially and experimentally, the functions of various other nerves. Pathological phenomena were now cleared up which had previously baffled the acuteness of physicians and surgeons; and in many instances the results of disease and accident threw a reflex light on physiology. We cannot pursue this theme into the many inductions which have been drawn from his great discovery. His views as to the respiratory system of the nerves, and of the nerves of expression, are most valuable, and full of interest; although we doubt if some of them have hitherto received the attention they deserve, and will eventually command. The substance, however, of his discovery was simply this: that these double nerves external to the spinal column and enclosed in the same sheath do not constitute, as had been universally supposed, one nerve with double functions, but remain distinct throughout, with separate functions; the ganglionic root and nerve conferring sensation, and the other motor power. This simple fact revolutionized the physiology of the whole subject; and its discovery fills the unprofessional mind with wonder that the very elements of physical motion and sensation had remained so utterly concealed until then.

His work on the Nerves (1830), a goodly

quarto of four hundred pages, amply illustrated by drawings and narratives of cases both of accident and disease, can alone convey an adequate conception of his researches. Even professed students, whose reading on the subject has been limited to mere systematic treatises, which are usually curt and bald, can hardly appreciate the very large share which Charles Bell had in working out various results now accepted as undeniable. We need only refer to his essay on the nerves of the eyeball and its appendages, to show how impossible it was before his discoveries for the best-informed physicians and surgeons, who held the old belief in the double function of the nerves, to explain numberless symptoms which are now clearly understood. A similar remark is applicable to the physiology of respiration; and the brilliant investigations of Marshall Hall in regard to the excito-motory, or reflex function, virtually took their origin from the discoveries of Bell.

Years, sometimes generations, roll past before great discoverers are permitted to assume their rightful place in public estimation. The fate of this great contribution to the physiology of our frame was not altogether an exception. But prejudice, ignorance, and jealousy have now cleared away, and Charles Bell's name may fairly claim its place beside that of William Harvey. Without derogating from the merit of Harvey, the remark has often been made that, when we examine the four valves of the heart, and the numerous valves of the larger veins, particularly of the lower extremity, it is a wonder that no anatomist before his time had reasoned out the subject to the same splendid result. But the wonder is of another kind when we contemplate the discoveries of Bell. He had no mechanical arrangements to guide him; the nervous system presented to the eye of the anatomist a maze of confused structures apparently inextinguishable; and the difficulties were greatly enhanced by the intellectual, emotional, and sensational elements so closely associated with it. In discovering the master key he won for himself a very exalted and almost solitary place among the cultivators of physiological science.

Bell recounts, in one of his letters which is not in this volume, a warm discussion which he had with Lord Cockburn as to whether a man should confine himself to the acquisition of fortune, or should endeavour to accomplish something for the benefit of science. The Scotch judge, who was somewhat *poco curante*, in words at

least, although earnest enough in reality, scoffed at the notion of sacrificing guineas to an abstraction. Probably he knew his friend, and was trying by antagonism to remind him of one scientific fact which he sometimes overlooked, that two and two make four. He tried to persuade Bell "that it was quite as respectable to fill your station well without making exertions to improve science, to make discoveries, or fill the chasms in knowledge." Bell stood out stoutly against this, and "regretted that Baillie disregarded what was great in his profession, and would retire from practice as he had done from teaching when he had found what he wanted." Cockburn's sagacity had probably shown him that if Bell courted science and neglected or slighted fees, he would lose a fortune, even if he gained fame. The history of this great discovery of his gives point to the moral. It was present to his mind not much later than 1807. He plainly thought that the profession was as enthusiastic and as single-eyed as himself. Had he been wise in his generation, he would have waited until his views were thoroughly matured, and then, avoiding professional channels, would have blown a blast on his own trumpet which would have resounded through scientific Europe. What he did was so much the reverse of this as almost to be incredible. He printed, in 1811, for private circulation among his medical friends, a pamphlet, which he entitled, "An Idea of a New Anatomy of the Brain, submitted for the Observation of the Author's Friends." The work contained a clear indication of his discovery; but "the author's friends" made no "observations" at all. Few attended to it; none apparently appreciated it; and one or two, who had an impression of its importance, without communication with the author, were preparing to contest the originality of his views. By the modest, candid, and open course which he followed, Bell only reaped one reward. His *brochure* of 1811 enabled him ten years afterwards to scare away pilferers from his reputation. But whether disheartened by the apathy of his brethren, or intent on farther discovery, he threw aside this marvellous triumph of inductive science, as if his task were completed, and little more was heard of it until he proclaimed it at the Royal Society in 1821. He woke next morning, and, like Byron, found himself famous; and his fame grew higher on the Continent even than in this country—the Continental physiologists having no part in

the professional jealousies which pursued him all his life. But sure as vultures to the prey, came swooping down detraction and envy, to rob him of his rightful honour. Those of the school of Majendie of Paris, vivisectioners, who maintained that no system of investigation could be trustworthy which was not founded on actual experiment, claimed to have obtained similar results from their operations before Sir Charles Bell published his views. A controversy on the subject of prior discovery lasted some years, but time and universal opinion has now settled it; and Charles Bell's claim is acknowledged by all. Indeed, other considerations apart, the treatise in 1811 proved the priority beyond dispute. It seems, however, doubtful whether Majendie's doctrine was really either identical with that of Bell, or was sound in itself; as the results of vivisection as the basis of inductive reasoning have been found to be materially different from those at which Charles Bell had arrived by a path less liable to lead astray. Among the great physiologists of the Continent, his claim has always been recognized. When he visited Paris, Roux dismissed his class after Charles Bell had been introduced, with the words, "C'est assez, messieurs; vous avez vu Charles Bell." Cuvier, Tiedeman, and Scarpa regarded him with honour; and in the Continental schools he was classed, as we have ventured to class him, as not inferior to Harvey. His cup of celebrity had no doubt some little ingredients of ingratitude and incredulity. Nevertheless, it was well filled, and in his unselfish simple way he enjoyed it. Now the clouds are gone, and his lustre shines unclouded.

The first ten years of his married life were on the whole very prosperous, and raised his professional position to a great height. He concluded a transaction by which he became a part proprietor of the great anatomical school in Windmill Street, which John Hunter had founded. There he lectured for many years, and formed a valuable and interesting museum. He was elected, after a severe contest, surgeon to the Middlesex Hospital in 1814; and was admitted a Fellow of the London College of Surgeons. In 1824 he was appointed Professor to that College, and had overflowing audiences. His practice was large; his reputation as a hospital operator stood exceedingly high; and Fortune seemed to be atoning to him for her former caprices. We turn back to our pleasant book, and glance at the interval over which we have passed.

The termination of the war brought a large influx of foreigners to London. Charles Bell had made military surgery and gunshot wounds the subject of careful study. It was a favourite subject of John Bell's, who in 1804 had made a proposition to the Government for the institution of a large staff of military surgery, which for the time was very favourably received, but which, like many other reforms, still remains to be effected. Charles Bell, after the battle of Corunna, had, at the commencement of his London career, gone down to Plymouth to attend the wounded there; and in his work on Surgery, he had devoted a chapter to gunshot wounds. So in 1814 he found himself fashionable, and the Peninsular surgeons, as well as many foreigners, attended his lectures at the Middlesex Hospital.

"Patients are certainly increasing," he writes, "and my occupations becoming more general. I have been engaged the greater part of the day with a Parisian surgeon, a M. Roux, of the Hospital de la Charité. More foreign medical officers have visited the Middlesex Hospital than ever before. If they force me to speak French, why, I must, but it would divert you to hear me."

Patients of distinction repaired to him, among the rest General F. Driesen, of the Emperor of Russia's Imperial Guard; of whom he tells with simple pride how the General and his suite dined with him, and how he found, when he went down to dinner, a silver mug on either hand, inscribed "En gage de l'amitié de Baron Driesen."

In 1815 came the Hundred Days and the Battle of Waterloo, and Charles Bell exclaimed to his brother-in-law John Shaw, who had been with him from a lad, and to whom he was devotedly attached, "Johnnie, how can we let this pass? Here is such an occasion of seeing gunshot wounds. Let us go." And go they did, on the 26th of June, and reached Brussels on the 29th. There is nothing better in the volume than the diary of what he saw at Brussels and Waterloo. Charles Bell's pen was as graphic as his pencil. He writes in a firm incisive style with a play of fancy which had that been his vocation, would have made him eminent as a descriptive writer. If our limits permitted, we should have been glad to have transcribed some extracts; but we content ourselves with one or two. On the field of Waterloo there still remained a moveable scaffolding sixty feet high, from which the Emperor surveyed the wreck of his fortunes. Up this Bell climbed:—

"The view magnificent. I was only one-third up the machine, yet it was a giddy height. Here Buonaparte stood surveying the field. What name for him but Macbeth—a man who stands alone. There is something magnificent in this idea—there, exalted to a giddy height; and how much farther to fall than to the ground; his friends dispersed, his squadrons broken—all in *déroute*; and well he knew, for he seems to know mankind well, he knew the consequences. I was filled with admiration of a man of his habit of body who could stand perched on a height of sixty-five feet above everything, and contemplate, see, and manage such a scene. Already silence dwells here; for although it is midday and the sun bright and all shining in gladness, yet there is a mournful silence contrasted with the scene which has been so recently acting. No living thing is here, no kites, no birds of any kind, nothing but a few wretched women and old men scattered on a height at a distance, and who are employed in gathering balls."

There is true poetic feeling in this, hastily thrown off as it is.

What we said in the outset of this paper of the Continental element in the old Scottish society is amusingly confirmed in Charles Bell's impressions of Brussels:—

"Can you recollect the time," he writes to his brother, "when there were gentlemen meeting at the Cross of Edinburgh, or those whom we thought such? They are all collected here. You see the old gentlemen with their scraggy necks sticking out of the collars of their coats—their old-fashioned square-skirted coats, their canes, their hats, and when they meet, the formal bow, the hat off, to the ground, and the powder flying to the wind."

His description of the wounded French soldiers may interest in contrast with some recent events:—

"You would conclude with me that those were fellows capable of marching unopposed from the west of Europe to the east of Asia. Strong, thickest, hardly veterans, brave spirits, and unsubdued, they cast their wild glance upon you, their black eyes and brown cheeks finely contrasted with their white sheets: you would much admire their capacity of adaptation."

He says, however, that this is forced praise, for he cannot express his detestation of these trained banditti.

Bell seems to have been of great service to the wounded; and his sketches, which he afterwards enlarged to drawings of very great merit, are partly in the museum of the College of Surgeons in Edinburgh, and seventeen of them in the Royal Hospital at Netley, to which institution they were presented by his widow. Among

his English patients was a "perfect little gentleman, Sir H. Hardinge, who has lost his forearm." He thinks little of the political value of the victory. "How much more wholesome a little chastisement would have been than these glorious victories. The state of the world as to Government and all that is enough to disgust one. *I, for my part, have no pleasure but in anatomy.*"

Some clouds, however, gathered during this most prosperous period of his career. The eldest brother, Robert, died in 1816. John, after vainly looking for health under Italian skies, died at Rome in 1820, in circumstances far from affluent. These events brought on the brothers who survived many cares. Mr. Wilson, with whom Bell was associated in the Windmill Street establishment, died suddenly, and large as was Bell's income, it was all he could do to meet the calls which this calamity threw on him. In the end, the museum was purchased in 1824 by the College of Surgeons in Edinburgh, and, in 1827, after the death of his attached and much loved friend and brother-in-law, John Shaw, his connection with the school finally ceased. This last event was the greatest grief of his life; and nothing testifies so strongly to the thorough worth of his character, and warmth of his heart, as the unbroken affection which subsisted between these two men in relations so close, so confidential, and so constant. John Shaw had aided him in all his struggles. He thoroughly believed in and admired him; and in this respect Charles Bell stood the hero-test so few can stand. The more intimately he was known, the more he was respected and loved. The loss which he sustained in John Shaw's death was very grievous. It threw on him labour beyond his strength, and, indeed, laid the foundations of the malady which fifteen years afterwards destroyed him.

At this period of his life, he was again thrown into the society of Brougham, with whom in later years he had not had much in common. The brilliant course of the great advocate dazzled him, but he had always complained that it was cold, if magnificent. "How Brougham mounts higher and higher," he writes in 1821: "God grant he may not fall into the Icarian sea—I like him." Fourteen years afterwards, when the catastrophe he dreaded had occurred, he says: "Times, too, are strangely altered, both with Lord Brougham and me. His fault has been attempting too much, and his weakness in

doing things the most opposite in their nature at the same time." This association led him to publish his volume of "Animal Mechanics," for the Library of Useful Knowledge; one of the ablest popular treatises which ever was composed on a scientific subject. He had delivered the substance of the book in his lectures as Professor of Anatomy to the College of Surgeons; but the work itself is a wonderful triumph of clear exposition, on a subject which none but a master could have handled, and which even a master might have failed to render intelligible or attractive to an ordinary reader. In 1831 he was selected to write one of the "Bridgewater Treatises," and received a thousand guineas for his work on the "Hand." These two treatises would of themselves suffice to stamp his reputation.

One characteristic deserves mention. Probably no man ever penetrated farther, perhaps no one ever penetrated so far, into the material structure of the soul's tabernacle. Had Charles Bell had strength and leisure, we believe there were floating in his subtle but strong intellect, views and processes in regard to the action of matter on mind, and mind on matter, as novel and as important as those he published, which might have seen the light. But no tinge of materialism ever coloured his clear vision. All he saw, only enabled him to trace more clearly the working of the First Cause, a quality which comes out in a very marked manner in the two works we have just referred to; and which proves, how weak a delusion it is that scepticism increases with knowledge. Few physiologists ever knew as much, or saw as clearly, or reasoned as safely, as Charles Bell; and if men differ from him as to the lessons which science teaches, it is certainly not because they are more in the secrets of nature than he was. He was as far from scepticism as he was from dogmatism. What he knew preserved him from the first, and what he knew he did not know from the second; and therein he set an example which we could wish were more generally followed.

In 1831 he received from the King, along with Leslie, Herschel, and Ivory, the Guelphic Order of knighthood; an honour not too great even for those merits which were then undisputed, and very inadequate, as we think, for his real services to science and the world. Charles Bell, however, was gratified, as much by the association with Herschel and the others, as by the distinction itself, and records the incidents of the ceremony with his usual liveliness:—

"I persuaded Herschel," he says, "that on this occasion he represented the higher sciences, and that therefore he must precede me in receiving the accolade, and he did precede me into the presence-chamber; but in approaching the lord in waiting he lost heart, and suddenly counter-marched, so that I found myself in front. My niece's dancing-master having acted the king the night before, I had no difficulty."

With the exception of his short but unsatisfactory connexion with the London University, which he severed almost as soon as it was formed, we have now adverted to the most important features in his professional career in London. Save in making money, he had done all that even his old dreams could have pictured. He had gained European celebrity; his position in practice was eminent; the Middlesex Hospital under his guidance had attained a great pitch of prosperity and usefulness, and one far beyond its dimensions when his connexion with it commenced; his lectures at the College of Surgeons commanded the greatest attention and interest. At home he had all which could make life pleasant: a social position which brought him into intimacy with the most cultivated intellects of the day, and tastes, habits, and refinement of thought and feeling which turned all these elements to true enjoyment. One taste he had acquired, not perhaps a usual one for a struggling professional man, immersed in London smoke, and dust, and dinginess, but which threw much sunshine over his own life. In the dark recesses of Fludyer Street, the narrowness and gentility of which Charles Bell commemorates in one of his earliest letters—it was his first resting place—lived for all the period of which we write, John Richardson, of Kirklands, the well-known Scottish solicitor, the chosen friend of Charles Bell, as indeed he was of all that circle and many beyond it. He was a man with a head for business, a heart for friendship, and a taste for elegant literature, not, indeed, without some pretensions to poetical power. But the object of his idolatry was neither fees nor society nor fame. He worshipped fly-fishing. He had brought with him from the North a love of fresh breezes and a deadly hand and heart against trout and salmon, which neither the parchments of the law nor the pursuit of fortune had availed to quench. Charles Bell became his devoted disciple, nor did he pursue science with more intense ardour than this favourite and absorbing sport. In the height of his popularity, and with the pressure of many cares upon him, he found time and space

for his pastime. He meditated on the Nerves at Chenies, and composed, he tells us, the best passages on the "Hand" at Pansanger. His love of nature, his intense delight in external beauty, his simple, natural, almost boyish tastes, entirely unsophisticated by metropolitan life, and the discriminating eye and artistic hand which he was happy in possessing,—all contributed to make him an enthusiastic brother of the rod; and many a cheerful day did these two schoolboys spend in this pursuit, the world forgetting for four or five hours, and bringing back from the water-side pleasant pictures of breeze, and sun, and cloud, which gave fresh spirit to their professional toil. The art of enjoying is in itself a great endowment; the art of preserving the capacity of enjoyment when half a century has passed is still rarer and more valuable. Some of his graver brethren looked solemn on this his superstition, and were wont to decry it. Whether with Charles Bell's temperament, so little apt to take a utilitarian view of his own doings, it may not have absorbed more of his energy than self-interest would have suggested, we have no means of judging. But he was a man unusually anxious and distressed by the incidents which he witnessed in his practice. He could not shake off the associations of pain, and disease, and death, with which such a life was every day familiar. If an hour or two on the stream side could charm the brooding gloom from the soul, and restore the healthy action of the spirits, who shall say they were not well spent? There is a little sketch from his ready pencil introduced into this volume, which tells its own tale in a very amusing manner. No one but an angler could have drawn it. An elderly Piscator, rod in hand, sits on the bank, his flies bobbing in the breeze in coils of inextricable intricacy. The task is plainly hopeless, but indomitable earnestness and patience are expressed in the countenance. Grave, absorbed, and resolute, amid the torments of the gusty wind, he is pursuing his efforts to disentangle his tackle, with little or no chance of success, but as if the fate of nations depended on it.

Lady Bell thus pleasantly describes his fishing life in the neighbourhood of London:—

"From his habits he could not be inactive—he must fish or sketch, and he did both alternately. In the bright hours he laid aside the rod for the pencil. He was often on the water-side before sunrise, indeed before he could see his flies; and he did enjoy these morning hours.

I came down with his breakfast, bringing books and arrangements for passing the whole day, even with cloaks and umbrellas, for no weather deterred us. He liked me to see him land his fish and waved his hat for me to come.

"At the little inn of Chenies we were welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Pratt, as if it were our own home—a lovely place it is; and driving there in the evening was very sweet. We saw the meadows and the mill, and the sun lighting up the little river like a stream of gold. We returned home next day, and his health was so well preserved by the exercise that I had cause to bless it.

"There it was that he composed and dictated the greater part of his works. But he left these enjoyments without regret, as he could return to his other works and pursuits with renewed vigour."

Life, fame, fortune, honour, have nothing, after all, much more substantial than days spent as these were.

But his London life was to cease; and, after thirty-four years, he was again to return to the city he had quitted in his youth. The Chair of Surgery becoming vacant, the Town Council of Edinburgh, no longer self-elected, but freely chosen by the ratepayers, placed it at the disposal of Sir Charles Bell; and not without some reluctance, and some painful sundering of long-accustomed ties, he accepted the invitation, and returned to fill a most important position in the University of the City, which he had left because the doors of the Infirmary had been closed against him. The vision of secure ease and leisure for scientific pursuits proved irresistible, and he again turned his footsteps to the North, and entered on his honourable task.

All was changed in the grey metropolis since 1804, excepting the warm and friendly hearts which welcomed him. Its area had been nearly doubled. He was lodged, as he writes, in a palace, where he had left the beautiful and leafy groves which had formed the foreground to the Queen Street Terrace. He walked, he said, as in a city of tombs. At every turn he met with memorials of men, and women, and associations, all gone, or changed. He found age where he left youth, and a new generation in vigorous manhood treading on the venerable footsteps of the brotherhood he had quitted in the fresh ardour and ambition of dawning power. The old institutions, the old dominion, had disappeared. The venerable social traditions, the quaint Continental formalities, the exclusive political rigour, even the broad lines of party demarcation, were socially obliterated. Not more certainly had the

blooming spinsters he had left yielded their supremacy to their successors, than had the social circles and usages of the Edinburgh of 1804 surrendered to those of 1836.

The sages of the University were gone, and had given place to new celebrities. Syme and Christison filled, in the medical world, the places of Monro and Gregory. Abercrombie and Alison were at the head of medical practice. One element, however, remained, changed no doubt, but changed only in years and honour. That knot of Whig lawyers and politicians, so little regarded by the magnates of the day, the dawn of whose influence and success made but a faint streak on the horizon when he went forth to seek his fortunes, remained almost unbroken. Excepting Horner, the London refugees were alive and prosperous—Brougham, Sydney Smith, and Richardson. Those who had pursued their career in Edinburgh still remained. They were a very remarkable circle, who raised the reputation of the Bar of Scotland as high as its position admits of; and were besides men of vigorous and cultivated intellect, whose persistent efforts in the cause of free government have not, perhaps, been duly appreciated. No longer, as Sydney Smith described them, eating indigestible suppers among barbarous sounds, but the leaders and ornaments of the community, and the pride and honour of the ancient city. Of those whom Charles Bell left, a struggling and influential band of young advocates, Cranstoun, Jeffrey, Moncreiff, Cockburn, and Fullerton, were all on the Bench when he returned. John Clerk was dead, but Gillies still survived, retaining after twenty-five years of judicial life the vigour and power of his early days. Murray was Lord Advocate, and Rutherford, the most powerful of the new recruits, a man of singular ability, unrivalled as a lawyer, and of profound literary accomplishments, was then, or shortly afterwards, Solicitor-General. It must have looked to Charles Bell like a transformation scene in a play, when he bridged over in imagination the space between, and recollected what the stage had disclosed when the curtain fell on the first act. All the positions were reversed. The fashionable tenets were out of fashion, the despised doctrines in the ascendant; and power and place, and popular incense followed in their train. The principles which Adam loved, and Millar taught, and Dugald Stewart and Playfair had recognized, had at last borne a prodigious harvest. Nor was the least grat-

ifying feature in Edinburgh society in those days the breaking down of the old party barriers in social life, which, in the days gone by, had been so wide and so insuperable. John Wilson and Mackenzie, the son of the author of the "Man of Feeling," and fully his father's equal in originality and genius, lent the lustre of their great social powers to the same circles as the leading Whigs of the Review. Not one remains. They have all disappeared from the scene, and it will be long before Edinburgh can again boast of a society so brilliant.

From politics, of course, and from literature for the most part, Jeffrey and his judicial contemporaries had necessarily ceased; nor do we stop here to recall what well deserves to be recalled, how much they had done, with little aid but their own right arm, to promote what they believed, and what the country had accepted as sound canons of political thought and sound principles of literary criticism. It was from Edinburgh that the first notes were sounded, and although the subsequent progress of opinion has thrown some of their efforts into the shade, the work was ably done, and could only have been done by able and earnest men.

His old friends received Charles Bell with open arms and profuse hospitality. He was kindly welcomed at the University, and began his new duties with energy. He was universally treated with the respect due to his great reputation, and he began to meditate still further scientific triumphs, and to plan and execute some piscatorial expeditions which were crowned with great results. But in some respects the process of transplanting was not altogether successful. Some local difficulties in the University to a certain extent affected the attendance on his lectures, and the amount of consultation practice on which he had reckoned was not realized. The ground of course was occupied, and it is no easy matter for a man however able, when past his meridian, to start on a new career of professional labour; and Bell was in his sixty-third year.

One object, however, his comparative leisure enabled him to accomplish. He undertook a journey to Rome, and thereby satisfied an old craving of his life. This was in May 1840. There with his usual energy he sketched, and ransacked, and worked for materials for his new edition of the "Anatomy of Expression," and was in his element of intense exertion. "As to Rome," he says, "there I was driven as a slave, rode upon like one of the Galeotti.

Heat, sleep, palaces, churches, sketching, drawing, and the oppressive but kind interference of friends made it a month of labour, excitement, delight, and disappointment." But he had filled two sketch-books.

But our limits compel us to finish this desultory notice. His Italian journal contains this passage: "Went to poor John's grave. The Pyramid of Cestius attracts you from a distance. A plain stone marks the place as you enter the ancient reformed burying ground. A single antique column is between the enclosure and the pyramid. Remembering old times, a fitting resting-place." The career of the survivors was drawing to a close. George Joseph had been attacked by blindness the year before. Charles Bell himself had been subject to spasmodic fits of illness. Indeed, since the death of John Shaw, and the distress and labour which he then underwent, his health had never been satisfactory. His symptoms in the spring of 1842 became more distressing, and he resolved when his University Session closed, to leave for London, which he did. He reached Manchester, where he had an attack so acute, that he says in a letter to Richardson that he called for death. On the 27th he and Lady Bell reached Hallow Park, the seat of Mrs. Holland. Next day he seemed well, and walked about the grounds, but had a severe attack at night. It was relieved for the time, but in the morning he awoke with a spasm, laid his head on his wife's shoulder, and so died.

And never passed away a gentler, truer, or finer spirit. His genius was great, and has left a legacy to mankind which will keep his name fresh in many generations. But the story of his life in this little book has a more potent moral. It is the story of one who kept his affections young, and his love of the pure and the refined unsullied, while fighting bravely the battle of life; whose heart was as tender as his intellect was vigorous and original; who, while he gained a foremost place among his fellows, turned with undiminished zest to his home and his friends, and found there the object, the reward, and the solace of his life. George Joseph Bell died in the following year; and so ends this record of the brothers.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

STORY OF THE PLEBISCITE

TOLD BY ONE OF THE SEVEN MILLION FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND WHO VOTED "YES."

ABOUT that time we received Jacob's first letter; he was at Rastadt, and I need not tell you what a relief it was to his mother to think that she could go and see him in one day.

Here is the letter, which I copy for you:—

"MY DEAR FATHER AND MY DEAR MOTHER,—

"Thank God, I am not dead yet; and I should be glad to hear from you, if possible. You must know that, on arriving at Lutzelbourg, we were sent off by railway in cattle-trucks. We were thirty or forty together; and we were not so comfortable as to be able to sit, since there were no seats, nor to breathe the air, as there was only a small hole at each side. Those of us who wanted to breathe or to drink, found a bayonet before our noses, and charitable souls were forbidden to give us a glass of water. We remained in this position more than twenty hours standing, unable even to stoop a little. Many were taken ill; and as for me, my thigh bones seemed to run up into my ribs, so that I could scarcely breathe, and I thought with my comrades that they had undertaken to exterminate us after some new fashion.

"During the night we crossed the Rhine, and then we went on rolling along the line, and travelling along the other side as far as Rastadt, where we are now. The hindmost trucks, where I was, remained; the others went on into Germany. We were first put into the casemates under ramparts; damp, cold vaults, where many others who had arrived before us were dying like flies in October. The straw was rotting—so were the men. The doctors in the town and those of the Baden regiments were afraid of seeing sickness spreading in the country; and since the day before yesterday those who are able to walk have been made to come out. They have been put into large wooden huts, covered in with tarred felt, where we have each received a fresh bundle of straw. Here we live, seated on the earth. We play at cards, some smoke pipes, and the Badeniers mount guard over us. The hut in which I am—about three times as large as the old market-hall of Phalsbourg—is situated between two of the town bastions; and if by some evil chance any of us took a fancy to revolt, we should

be so overwhelmed with shot and shell that in ten minutes not a man would be left alive. We are well aware of this, and it keeps our indignation within bounds against these Badenens, who treat us like cattle. We get food twice a day—a little haricot or millet soup, with a very small piece of meat, about the size of a finger: just enough to keep us alive. After such a blockade as ours, something more is wanted to set us up; our noses stand out of our faces like crows' bills, our cheeks sink in deeper and deeper; and but for the guns pointed at us, we should have risen a dozen times.

"I hope, however, I may get over it; father's cloak keeps me warm, and Cousin George's lous are very useful. With money you can get anything; only here you have to pay five times the value of what you want, for these Badenens are worse than Jews: they all want to make their fortunes in the shortest time out of the unhappy prisoners.

"I use my money sparingly. Instead of smoking, I prefer buying from time to time a little meat or a very small bottle of wine to fortify my stomach; it is much better for my health, and it is more enjoyable when your appetite is good. My appetite has never failed. When the appetite fails, comes the typhus. I do not expect I shall catch typhus. But, if it please God to let me return to Rothalp, the very first day I will have a substantial meal of ham, veal pie, and red wine. I will also invite my comrades, for it is a dreadful thing to be hungry. And now, to tell you the truth, I repent of having never given a couple of sous to some poor beggar who asked me for alms in the winter, saying that he has eaten nothing. I know what hunger is now, and I feel sorry. If you meet one in this condition, father or mother, invite him in, give him bread, let him warm himself, and give him two or three sous when he goes. Fancy that you are doing it for your son: it will bring me comfort.

"Perhaps, mother will be able to come and see me: not many people are allowed to come near us; a permit must be had from the Commandant at Rastadt. These Badenens and these Bavarians, who were said to be such good Catholics, treat us as hardly as the Lutherans. I remember now that Cousin George used to say that was only part of the play: he was right. Instead of only praising and singing to our Lord, they would do well also to follow his example.

"Let mother try! Perhaps the com-

mandant may have had a good dinner; then he will be in a good temper, and will give her leave to come into the huts: that is my wish. And now to come to an end, I embrace you all a hundred times; father, mother, Grédel, Cousin George, and Cousin Marie Anne.

"Your Son,
"JACOB WEBER.

"I forgot to tell you that several out of our battalion escaped from Phalsbourg before and after the muster-call of the prisoners: in the number was Jean Baptiste Werner. It is said that they have joined Garibaldi; I wish I was with them. The Germans tell us that if they can catch them they will shoot them down without pity; yes, but they won't let themselves be caught: especially Jean Baptiste; he is a soldier indeed! If we had but two hundred thousand of his sort, these Badenens would not be bothering us with their haricot-soup, and their cannons full of grape-shot.

"Rastadt, January 6, 1871."

From that moment my wife only thought of seeing Jacob again; she made up her bundle, put into her basket sundry provisions, and in a couple of days started for Rastadt.

I put no hindrance in her way, thinking she would have no rest until she had embraced our boy.

Grédel was quite easy, knowing that Jean Baptiste Werner was with Garibaldi. I even think she had had news from him; but she showed us none of his letters, and had again begun to talk about her marriage portion reminding me that her mother had had a hundred lous, and that she ought to have the same. She insisted upon knowing where our money was hidden, and I said to her, "Search; if you can find it, it is yours."

Girls who want to be married are so awfully selfish; if they can only have the man they want, house, family, native land, all is one to them. They are not all like that; but a good half. I was so annoyed with Grédel that I began to wish her Jean Baptiste would come back, that I might marry them and count out her money.

But more serious affairs were then attracting the eyes of all Alsace and France.

Gambetta has been blamed for having detached Bourbaki's army to our succour by raising the blockade of Belfort. It has been said that this movement enabled the combined forces of Prince Frederick

Charles and of Mecklenburg to fall upon Chanzy and overwhelm him, and that our two central armies ought to have naturally supported each other. Possibly! I even believe that Gambetta committed a serious error in dividing our forces; but, it must be acknowledged, that if the winter had not been against us, — if the cold had not, at that very crisis of our fate, redoubled in intensity, preventing Bourbaki from advancing with his guns and warlike stores with the rapidity necessary to prevent de Werder from fortifying his position and receiving reinforcements, — Alsace would have been delivered, and we might even have attacked Germany itself by the Grand Duchy of Baden. Then how many men would have risen in a moment! Many times George and I, watching these movements, said to each other, "If they only get to Mutzig, we will go!"

Yes, in war everything cannot succeed; and you have against you not only the enemy, but frost, ice, snow, bad roads; whilst the enemy have the railroads, which they have been stupidly allowed to take at the beginning of the campaign, and are receiving without fatigue or danger, troops, provisions, munitions of war, whatever they want; then if good plans don't turn out successful, it is not the last but the first comers who are to be blamed.

But for the heavy snows which blocked up the roads, Bourbaki would have surprised Werder. The Germans were expecting this, for all at once the requisitions began again. The Landwehr, this time from Metz, and commanded by officers in spectacles, began to pass through our villages; they were the last that we saw; they came from the furthest extremity of Prussia. I heard them say that they had been three days and three nights on the railway; and now they were continuing their road in Belfort by forced marches, because other troops from Paris were crowding the Lyons railway.

George could not understand how men should come from Paris, and said, "Those people are lying! If the troops engaged in the siege were coming away, the Parisians would come out and follow them up."

At the same time we learned that the Germans were evacuating Dijon, Gray, Vesoul, places which the francs-tireurs of Garibaldi immediately occupied; that Werder was throwing up great earthworks against Belfort: things were looking serious; the last forces of Germany were coming into action.

Then, too, the *Indépendance* talked of nothing but peace, and the convocation of

a National Assembly at Bordeaux; the English newspapers began again to commiserate our lot, as they had done at the beginning of the war, saying that after the first battle her Majesty the Queen would interpose between us. I believe that if the French had conquered, the English Government would have cried, "Halt — enough! too much blood has flowed already."

But as we were conquered, her Majesty did not come and separate us; no doubt she was of opinion that everything was going on very favourably for her son-in-law, the good Fritz!

So all this acting on the part of the newspapers was beginning again; and if Bourbaki's attempt had prospered, the outeries, the fine phrases, the tender feelings of our poor human race, civilization and international rights would have redoubled, to prevent us from pushing our advantages too far.

Unhappily, fortune was once more against us. When I say fortune, let me be understood: the Germans, who had no more forces to draw from their own country, still had some to spare around Paris, which they could dispose of without fear: they felt no uneasiness in that quarter, as we have learnt since.

If General Trochu had listened to the Parisians, who were unanimous in their desire to fight, Manteuffel could not have withdrawn from the besieging force 80,000 men to crush Bourbaki, 120 leagues away; nor General Van Goeben 40,000 to fall upon Faidherbe in the north; nor could others again have joined Frederick Charles to overwhelm Chanzy. This is clear enough! The fortune of the Germans at this time was not due to the genius of their chiefs, or the courage and the number of their men; but to the inaction of General Trochu! Yes, this is the fact! But it must also be owned that Gambetta, Bourbaki, Faidherbe, and Chanzy ought to have allowed for this.

However, France has not perished yet; but she has been most unfortunate!

The cold was intense. Bourbaki was approaching Belfort; he took Espérel and Villersexel at the point of the bayonet; then all Alsace rejoiced to hear that he was at Montbéliard, Sur-le-Château, Vyans, Comte-Hénaut and Chusey; retaking all this land of good people, more ill-fated still than we, since they knew not a word of German, and that bad race bore them ill-will in consequence.

Our confidence was returning. Every evening George and I by the fireside, talked of these affairs; reading the paper

three or four times over, to get at something new.

My wife had returned from Rastadt full of indignation against the Badeners, for not having allowed her to see Jacob, or even to send him the provisions she had brought. She had only seen at a distance the wooden huts, with their four lines of sentinels, the palisades, and the ditches that surrounded them. Grédel, Marie Anne and she, talked only of these poor prisoners; vowing to make a pilgrimage to Marienthal if Jacob came back safe and sound.

Fatigue, anxiety, the high price of provisions, the fear of coming short altogether if the war went on, all this gave us matter for serious reflection; and yet we went on hoping, when the *Indépendance* brought us the report of General Chanzy upon the combats at Montfort, Champagne, Parigné, l'Evêque, and other places where our columns, overpowered by the 120,000 men of Frederick Charles and the Duke of Mecklenburg, had been obliged to retire to their last lines around le Mans. That evening, as we were going home upon the stroke of ten, George said: "I don't believe much in pilgrimages, although several of my old shipmates in the *Boussole* had full confidence in our Lady of Good Deliverance: I have never made any vows; these are no part of my principles; but I promise to drink two bottles of good wine with Christian in honour of the Republic, and to distribute one for every poor man in the village if we gain the great battle of to-morrow. According to Chanzy our army is driven to bay; it has fallen back upon its last position, and the great blow will be struck. Good night."

"Good-night, George and Marie Anne."

We went out by moonlight, the hoarfrost was glittering on the ground; it was the 15th January, 1871.

The next day no *Indépendance* arrived, nor the next day; it often had missed, and would come three or four numbers together. Fresh rumours had spread; there was a report of a lost battle; the Landwehr at Phalsbourg were rejoicing and drinking champagne.

On the 18th, about two in the afternoon, the foot-postman Michel arrived. I was waiting at my cousin's. We were walking up and down, smoking and looking out of the windows; Michel was still in the passage, when George opened the door and cried: "Well?" "Here they are, Monsieur Weber."

My cousin sat at his desk. "Now we will see," said he, changing colour.

But instead of beginning by the first, he opened the second, and read aloud that report of Chanzy's in which he said that all was going on well the evening before; and that a panic which seized upon the Breton Mobiles had disordered the army, without the possibility of either he, or the Vice-Admiral Jauréguiberry's being able to check or stop it; so that the Prussians had rushed pell-mell into the unhappy city of Le Mans, mingled with our own troops, and taken a large body of prisoners.

I saw the countenance of my cousin change every moment; at last, he flung the journal upon the table, crying: "All is lost!"

It was as if he had pierced my heart with a knife. Yet I took up the paper and read to the end. Chanzy had not lost all hope of rallying his army at Laval, and Gambetta was hastening to join him, to support him with his courageous spirit.

"There, now," said George, "look at that!"

Placiard was passing the house arm-in-arm with a Landwehr officer, followed by a few men; they were making requisitions and entered the house opposite. "There is the Plébiscite in flesh and blood. Now that scoundrel is working for his Imperial Majesty William I., for the Germans have their emperor, as we have had ours: they will soon learn the cost of glory; each has his turn! By-and-by, when the reins are tightened, these poor Germans will be looking in every direction to see if the French are not revolting; but France will be tranquil: they themselves will have riveted their own chains, and their masters will draw the reins tighter and tighter, saying: "Now, then, Mechle! * Attention! eyes right; eyes left. Ah! you lot, do you make a wry face? I will show you that might is right in Germany, as everywhere else, if you don't know it already. Whack! how do you like that, Mechle? Aha! did you think you were getting victories or German Fatherland and German liberty, idiot? You find out now that it was to put yourself again under the yoke, as after 1815; just to show you the difference between the noble German lord and a brute of your own sort. Get on Mechle!"

George exclaimed: "How miserable to be surprised and deluded as we have been daily by six hundred thousand Germans, and to have our hands bound like culprits, without arms, munitions, orders, chiefs or

* Nickname for the Germans, answering to the English "John Bull," and the French "Jacques Bonhomme."

anything! Ah! the deputies of the majority who voted for war would not demand compulsory service; they feared to arm the nation. They would not risk the bodies of their own sons; the people alone should fight to defend their places, their salaries, their châteaux, their property of every sort! Miserable self-seekers! they are the cause of our ruin! their names should be exposed in every commune, to teach our children to execrate them."

He was becoming embittered, and it is not surprising, for every day we heard of fresh reverses: first the surrender of Veronne, just when Faidherbe was coming to deliver it, and the retreat of our army of the North upon Lille and Cambrai, before the overwhelming forces of Van Goeben, fresh from Paris; then the grand attack of Bourbaki from Montbéliard to Mont Vaudois, which he had pursued three successive days, the 15th, 16th, and 17th January without success, on account of the reinforcements which de Werder had received, and the horrible state of the roads, broken up by the rain and the snow; lastly, the arrival of Manteuffel, with his 80,000 men, also from Paris—to cut off his retreat.

Then we understood that the Landwehr had been right in telling us that they were getting reinforcements from Paris; and George, who understood such things better than I, suddenly conceived a horror for those who were commanding there.

"Either," he said, "the Parisians are afraid to fight—which I cannot believe, for I know them—or the men in command are incapable—or traitors. Hitherto relieving armies have been sent in support of a besieged city; now we see the besiegers of a city, twice as strong as themselves in men, arms, and munitions of every kind, detaching whole armies to crush our troops fighting in the provinces: the thing is incredible. I am certain that the Parisians are demanding to be led out, especially as they are suffering from famine. Well, if sorties were taking place, the Germans would want all their men down there, and would be unable to come and overwhelm our already overtasked armies."

Let them explain these things as they will, George was right. Since the Germans were able to send away from Paris 40,000 men in one direction, 80,000 in another, evidently they were free to undertake what they pleased; instead of surrounding the city with troops, they might have set helmets and cloaks upon sticks all round, for scarecrows, as they do to keep sparrows out of a corn-field.

Here, then, is how we have lost: it was the incapacity of the man who was commanding at Paris, and the weakness of the Government of Defense—and especially of Monsieur Jules Favre!—who, when they ought to have replaced this orator by a man of action, as Gambetta demanded, had not the courage to fulfil their duty. Everybody knows this; why not say it openly?

The only thing which cheered us a little about the end of this terrible month of January, was to learn that the francs-tireurs had blown up the bridge of Fontenoy, on the railroad between Nancy and Toul. But our joy was not of long duration; three or four days after, proclamations posted at the door of the mayoralty house gave notice that the Germans had utterly consumed the village of Fontenoy, to punish the inhabitants for not having denounced the francs-tireurs; and that all we Lorrainers were condemned for the same offence to pay an extraordinary contribution of ten millions to his Majesty the Emperor of Germany. At the same time, as the French workmen were refusing to repair this bridge, the Prussian prefect of La Menotte wrote to the Mayor of Nancy:

"If tomorrow, Tuesday, January 24, at twelve o'clock, five hundred men, from the dock-yards of the city are not at the station, first the foreman, then a certain number of the workmen, will be arrested and shot immediately."

This prefect's name was Renard—"Count Renard."

I mention this that his name may not be forgotten.

But all this was nothing, compared with what was to follow. One morning the Prussians had given me a few sacks of corn to grind; I dared not refuse to work for them, as they would have crushed me with blows and requisitions: they might have carried me off nearly to Metz again, they might even have shot me. I had pleaded the snow, the ice, the failure of the water, which prevented me from grinding; unfortunately, rain had fallen in abundance, the snow was melting, the mill-dam was full, and on the 2nd or 3rd of February (I am not sure which, I am so confused) I was piling up the sacks of that wicked set in my mill; Father Offran and Catherine were helping, Grédel, upstairs, was dressing herself, after sweeping the house and lighting the kitchen fire. It was about eight o'clock in the morning, when looking out into the street by chance, when the water was rattling down the gut-

ters, I saw George and Marie Anne coming.

My cousin was taking long strides, his wife coming after him; further on a Landwehr was coming too: the people were sweeping before their doors, without caring how they bespattered the passers-by. George, near the mill, cried out, "Do you know what is going on?"

"No — what?"

"Well, an armistice has been concluded for twenty-one days; the Paris forts are given up: the Prussians may set fire to the city when they please. Now they may send all their troops and all their artillery against Bourbaki; for the armistice does not extend to the operations in the east.

George was pale with excitement, his voice shook. Grédel, at the top of the stairs, was hastily twisting her hair into a knot.

"Then, Christian," said my cousin, pulling a paper out of his pocket; "The armies of Bourbaki and Garibaldi are surrendered by this armistice. Manteuffel has come down from Paris with 80,000 men to occupy the passes of the Jura in their rear: the unfortunate men are caught as in a vice, between him and Werder; and all who have escaped from the hands of the Prussians and taken service again, like our poor Mobiles of Phalsbourg, will be shot!"

While cousin was speaking, Grédel had come downstairs, without even putting on her slippers; she was leaning against him, as pale as death, trying to read over his shoulder; when suddenly she tore the paper from his hands. George wished he had said nothing; but it was too late!

Grédel, after having read with clenched teeth, ran off like a mad woman, uttering fearful screams; "Oh! the wretches! . . . Oh! my poor Jean Baptiste! . . . Oh! the thieves! . . . Oh! my poor Jean Baptiste!"

She seemed to be seeking something to fight with. And as we stood confounded at her outcries, I said: "Grédel, for heaven's sake don't scandalize us in this way. The people will hear you from the other end of the village!" She answered in a fury: "Hold your tongue! You are the cause of it all!"

"I!" said I, indignantly.

"Yes, you!" she shrieked, with a terrible flashing in her eyes; "you, with your plebiscite; deceiving everybody by promising them peace! You deserve to be along with Bazaine and the rest of them."

And my wife cried: "That girl will be the death of us."

She had sat down upon the stairs. Ma-

rie Anne, with her hands clasped, said: "Do forgive her; her mind is going."

Never had I felt so humbled: to be treated thus by my own daughter! But Grédel respected nothing now, and Cousin George, trying to get in a word, she exclaimed: "You! you! an old soldier! Are you not ashamed of staying here, instead of going to fight? The Landwehr are as old as you; with their grey hairs and their spectacles; they don't make speeches; they all march. And that's why we are beaten!"

At last, I became furious; and I was looking for my cowlhide behind the door, to bring her to her senses, when, unfortunately, a Landwehr came in to ask if the flour was ready. The moment Grédel caught sight of him, she uttered such a savage shriek that my ears still tingle with it, and in a second she had laid hold of her hatchet; George had scarcely time to seize her by her twisted back hair, when the hatchet had flown from her hand, whizzing through the air, and was quivering three inches deep in the doorpost.

The Landwehr, an elderly man, with great eyes and a red nose, had seen the steel flash past close to his ear; he had heard it whiz, and as Grédel was struggling with George, crying: "Oh, the villain; I have missed him!" he turned, and ran off at the top of his speed. I ran to the mill-dam, supposing he was going to the Mayor's; but no, he ran a great deal farther than that, and ran on until he reached Wéchem.

Then Grédel became aware that she had made a mistake; she went up into her room, put on her shoes, took her basket, went into the kitchen for a knife and a loaf, and then she left the house; running down the other side of the hill to gain the Krapenfelz, where our cow was with several others, under the charge of the old ragdealer.

"This is a very bad business," said George, fixing his eyes upon me; "that Landwehr will denounce you: this evening the Prussian gendarmes will be here. I'm sure I don't know, my poor Christian, where you got that girl from; amongst those who have gone before us, there must have been some very different from your poor mother, and grandmother Katherine."

"What would you have," said Marie Anne; "she is fond of her Jean Baptiste." And I thought: "If he but had her now; it is not I would refuse them permission to marry now; no, not I: I only wish they were married already!"

I was thinking how I might settle this

dangerous business. George said we must overtake the Landwehr, and slip three or four cent sous pieces in his hand, to induce him to hold his tongue. The Prussians are softened with money. But where could he be found now? How was he to be overtaken? I had no longer my two beautiful nags. So I resolved to leave it all to Providence.

To my great surprise, the Landwehr never returned. That same day two other Germans, with Lieutenant Hertig, came to take an invoice of the flour, without mentioning that affair: one would have thought that nothing had occurred. The next day, and the day after that, we were still in painful expectation; but that man gave no sign of appearing. No doubt he must have been a marauder; one of those base fellows who enter houses without orders, to receive requisitions of every kind, to sell again in the neighbouring villages; such things had been done more than once since the arrival of the Germans. This is the conclusion I came to by-and-by; but at that time the fear of seeing that fellow returning with the gendarmes, left me no peace; every minute, my wife standing at the door, would say: "Christian, run! Here are the Prussian gendarmes coming!"

For a cow, or a Jew astride upon a donkey at the end of the road she would throw one into fits.

Grédel remained a week in the woods in the Krapenfels. Every day the woodman brought her news of what was going on in the village. At last she came back laughing; she went up into her room to change her clothes, and went on again with her work without any allusion to the past. We did not want to start the subject of Jean Baptiste again; but she herself, seeing us dispirited, at last said to us: "Pooh! it's all right now. There; look at that!"

It was a letter from Jean Baptiste Werner, which she had received among the rocks of the Krapenfels. In that letter, which I read with much astonishment, Werner related that he had at first wished to join Garibaldi at Dijon; but that for want of money, he had been obliged to stop at Besançon, where the volunteers of the Vosges and of Alsace were being organized; that upon the arrival of Bourbaki, he had enlisted as a gunner in the 20th corps. Two days after there were engagements at Esprels and Villersexel, where more than four thousand Prussians had remained on the field. The cold was extraordinary. The Prussians, repulsed

by our columns, had retired from village to village, on the other side of the Lisaine, between Montbéliard and Mont Vaudois. There Werder, behind a deep ravine, had mounted batteries of 24 pounders, well protected on three stages one over another; his army and his reinforcements were concentrated and securely intrenched. In spite of this, Bourbaki, wanting to relieve Belfort and descend into Alsace, had given orders for a general assault, and all that country, for three days, resembled a sea of smoke and flame under the tremendous fire of the hostile armies. Unhappily the passage could not be forced; and the exhaustion of munitions, the fatigue, the sharp sufferings of cold and hunger — for there were no stores of clothing and provisions in our rear — all these causes had compelled us to retire, but in the hope of renewing the assault; when all at once the news spread that another German army was standing in our line of retreat, near Dôle: a considerable army, from Paris. They had hurried to get clear as far as possible by gaining Pontarlier; but these fresh troops had a great advantage over us; Werder, also, was following us up; and we were going to be surrounded on all sides around Besançon. Jean Baptiste went on to say that then Bourbaki had attempted his own life, and was seriously wounded; that General Clinchamp had then assumed the command-in-chief; but all these disasters would not have hindered us from arriving at Lyons, across the Jura, if the Maires of the villages had not published the armistice, causing the army to neglect to secure a line of retreat; that a great number had even laid down their arms and withdrawn into the villages; that the Prussians had kept advancing, and that only in the evening, when they had occupied all the passes, General Manteuffel declared that the armistice did not extend to operations in the east, and that our army must lay down their arms, as those of Sedan and Metz had done! But the soldiers of the republic had refused to surrender, and they had made a passage through the ice, the snow, and thousands of Prussian corpses, to Switzerland.

Jean Baptiste Werner related, in this long letter, full particulars of all that he had suffered; the attacks delivered by the corps of General Billot, who was charged to protect the retreat, upon the rocks, at the foot of precipices, in all the deep passes where the enemy lay in wait to cut off our retreat; how many of our poor fellows had perished of cold and hunger! And then the admirable reception given

to our unhappy soldiers, by the noble Swiss, who had received them, not as strangers, but as brothers: every town, village, and house, was opened to them with kindness. It is manifest that the Swiss are a great people; for greatness is not to be measured by the extent of a country, and the number of the inhabitants, as the Germans suppose; but by the humanity of the people, the elevation of their character, their respect for unsuccessful courage, their love of justice and of liberty.

How much help have the Swiss sent us in succour, in money, in clothing, in food, in seed corn, for our poor fellow-countrymen ruined by the war! It came to Saverne, to Phalsbourg, to Petite-Pierre—everywhere. Ah, we perceived then that heaven and earth had not altogether deserted us; we saw that there were yet brave hearts, true republicans; that all men were not born for fire, pillage and slaughter; that there are men in the world besides hypocrites—true Christians, inspired by Him who said to men: “love one another; ye are brethren.” He would not have invented petroleum bombshells, or declared that brute-force dominated over right, like those barbarians from the other side of the Rhine.

That letter of Jean Baptiste Werner’s pleased me; it was clear that he was a brave man and a good patriot. But in the meanwhile, the policy of Bismarck and Jules Favre went on its way. The order of the day was, “elect deputies to sit in the assembly at Bordeaux,” which was to decide for peace, or the continuance of the war; the twenty-one days’ armistice had no other object, it was said.

So those who did not care to become Prussians took up arms, George and I the first; myself with the greatest zeal, for every day I reproached myself with that abominable Plébiscite as a crime. And now began the old story again: no Legitimists, no Bonapartists, no Orleanists could be found; all cried: “We are Republicans. Vote for us!”

But in every part of the country through which the Prussians had gone, the plébiscite was remembered; the people were beginning to understand that this unworthy farce was our ruin; and that men should be judged by their actions, not by their words.

At Strasbourg, at Nancy, all who desired to remain French nominated two lists of old republicans, who immediately started for Bordeaux. Gambetta was elected by us and by La Meurthe; he was

also elected in many other departments, with Thiers, Garibaldi, Faidherbe, Chanzy, etc.

These elections once more revived our hopes. We supposed that everything had taken place in the West and the South as with us.

Gambetta, who never lost his sound judgment in critical moments, had declared that all the old official deputies of Bonaparte, all the senators, councillors of State, and prefects of the Empire, were disqualified for election. George commended him. “When a spendthrift devours all his living in debauchery, he is put under restraint; much more, therefore,” he urged, “ought men to be restrained who have devoured the wealth of the nation and put our two finest provinces in jeopardy. All those men ought for ever to be held incapable of exercising political functions.”

But Bismarck, who relied chiefly on the old Imperial functionaries, to testify his gratitude to the *honest man* for all he had done for Prussia,—for his noble behaviour at Sedan, and his gift of Metz to his Majesty William, protested against this manifesto by Gambetta: he declared that the elections would not then be free, and that liberty was so dear to his heart, that he had rather break the armistice than cramp the freedom of the elections in any way whatever.

George, on hearing this, broke out into a rage. “What,” he cried, “this Bismarck, who has warned the Prussian deputies to be careful of their expressions in speaking of the nobleness and the majesty of King William, ‘because laws exist in Prussia against servants who presume to insult their masters’—this very Bismarck comes here to defend liberty, and support the accomplices of Bonaparte! Oh! these defenders of liberty!”

Unhappily, all this was useless; the Prussians were already in the forts of Paris, and the menaces of Bismarck had more weight in France than the words of Gambetta. Therefore once more we had to yield to his Majesty William, and many of our deputies are indebted to him for their admission into the Chamber of Bordeaux.

These defenders of the Republic immediately showed that they were not ungrateful to Bismarck; for they hissed Garibaldi who had come from Italy, old, sick and infirm, with his two sons, to fight the enemies of France and uphold justice, when all Europe held aloof.

Garibaldi was not even allowed to re-

ply: these representatives of the people hissed him down! he calmly withdrew!

The Sunday following — I am ashamed to say it — our curé Daniel, and many other curés in our neighbourhood, preached that Garibaldi was a *canaille*. I am not condemning them; I am simply telling a fact. They had received orders from their bishops, and they obeyed; for the poor country priest is at his bishop's mercy, and under his orders, like a whip in a driver's hand: if he disobeys, he is turned out! I know that many would rather have been silent than say such things, and I pity them!

Well, Bismarck might well laugh; he had more friends among us than was believed. Those who want to make their profits out of nations, always come to an understanding; their interests and their enemies are the same.

Then the Assembly of Bordeaux voted peace. No hard matter; only involving the sacrifice of Alsace and Lorraine, and five milliards as an indemnity for the trouble which the Prussians had taken in bombarding, devastating, and stripping us!

Then our unhappy deputies of Alsace and Lorraine, were declared by their French brothers, against every feeling of justice; for nobody in the world had the right to make Germans of us: to rend us from the body of our French mother-country, and fling us bleeding into the barbarian's camp, as a lump of living flesh is thrown to a wild beast, to satisfy it: no, on one in the world had this right. We alone ought freely to choose, and decide by our own votes, whether we would become Germans or remain French. But with Bismarck and William, right, liberty, and justice are powerless: might is everything. Our sorrowing deputies at last protested: —

"The representatives of Alsace and Lorraine, previous to any negotiations for peace, have laid upon the table of the National Assembly a declaration, by which they affirm, in the clearest and most emphatic language, that their will and their right is to remain Frenchmen.

"Delivered up, in contempt of justice and by a hateful exercise of power, to the dominion of the foreigner, we have one last sad duty to fulfil.

"We again declare null and void a compact which disposes of us against our consent.

"The revindication of our rights remains forever open to each and all, after the form and in the measure which our consciences may dictate.

"In taking leave of this Chamber, in which it would be a lowering of our dignity to sit longer, and in spite of the bitterness of our sorrow, our last impulse is one of gratitude for the men who for six months have never ceased to defend us; and we are filled with a deep and unalterable love for our mother-country, from which we are violently torn.

"We will ever follow you with our prayers; and with unshaken confidence, we await the future day when regenerated France shall resume the course of her high destiny.

"Your brothers of Alsace and Lorraine, separated at this moment from the common family, away from their home, will ever cherish a filial affection for their beloved France, until the day when she shall come to reclaim her place among us."

These were their words.

Monsieur Thiers asked them if they knew any other way of saving France? No reply was made. Unfortunately there was none: after the capitulation of Paris, the sacrifice of an arm was needful to save the body.

Half the deputies were already thinking of other things; peace made, they only thought of naming a King and of decapitalizing Paris, as the newspapers said, to punish it for having proclaimed the Republic! All these people who had presented themselves before the electors with professions of republicanism, were royalists.

Gambetta having accepted the representation of the Bas Rhin (Alsace), left the chamber with the deputies; and other old republicans, contemptuously hissed whenever they opened their mouths, gave in their resignations.

Paris was agitated. A rising was apprehended.

About that time, early in March, 1871, Prussian tax-collectors, controllers, *gardiens généraux*, and other functionaries, came to replace our own; we were warned that the French language would be abolished in our schools, and that the brave Alsacians, who felt any wish to join the armies of the King of Prussia, would be met with every possible consideration; they might even be admitted into the guard of his Royal and Imperial Majesty. About this time, an old friend of Cousin George's, Nicolas Hague, a master saddler, a wealthy and highly respectable man, came to see him from Paris.

Nicolas Hague had bought many vineyards in Alsace; he had planned, before the war, to retire amongst us, as soon as

he had settled his affairs; but after all the cruelties perpetrated by the Germans, seeing our country fallen into their hands, he was in haste to sell his vineyards again, not caring to live amongst such barbarians.

George and Marie Anne were delighted to receive this old friend; and immediately an upstairs room was got ready for him, and he made himself at home.

He was a man of fifty, with red ears, a kind of collar of beard around his face, large velvet waistcoat adorned with gold chains and seals; a thorough Alsatian, full of experience and sound common sense.

His wife, a native of Bar-le-Duc, and his two daughters were staying with their relations; they were resting and recruiting their strength after the sufferings and agonies of the siege; he was as busy as possible getting rid of his property; for he looked upon it as a disgrace to bring into the world children destined to have their faces slapped in honour of the King of Prussia.

I remember that on the second day after his arrival, as we were all dining together at my cousin's after having explained to us his views, Nicolas Hague began telling us the miseries of the siege of Paris. He told us that during the whole of that long winter, every day were seen before the bakers' shops and the butchers' stalls strings of old men half clothed, and poor women holding their children, discoloured with the cold, close in their arms, waiting three or four hours in rain, snow, and wind, for a small piece of black bread, or of horseflesh; which often never came! Never had he heard any of these unhappy people expressing any desire to surrender; but superior officers and staff officers had shamelessly declared, from the earliest days of the siege, that Paris could not hold out! And these men, formerly so proud of their ranks, their epaulettes and their titles, who were solely charged to defend us and to uphold the honour of the nation, discouraged by their language those who were trusting in them, and whose bread they had eaten for years, passed in useless reviews and parades, in frivolous fêtes at Saint Cloud, at Compiègne, the Tuileries, and elsewhere.

According to Nicolas Hague, all our disasters, from Sedan to the capitulation of Paris, were attributable to the disaffection of the staff-officers, the committees, and those former Bonapartist place-holders, who knew well that if the Republic drove out the Prussians, nobody in the world

would be able to destroy it; and as they did not care for the Republic, they acted accordingly.

"There is a great outcry at the present moment against General Trochu," said he, "principally got up by the Bonapartists, who, in their hearts, reproach him with having supported France rather than their dynasty. They make him responsible for all our calamities; and many Republicans are simple enough to believe them. But, when it is remembered that this man arrived only at the last moment, when all was lost already; when the Prussians were advancing by forced marches upon Paris; when MacMahon was forsaking the capital, *by order of the Emperor*, to go to Sedan, to get the army crushed down there which was to have covered us; when it is remembered that at that moment Paris had no arms, no munitions of war, no provisions, no troops; that the whole neighbourhood, men, women, and children, were taking refuge in the city; that waggons full of furniture, hay, and straw were choking the streets; that order must be restored amidst this abominable confusion, the forts armed, the National Guard organized, the inhabitants put upon rations, &c.; and, then, that all those thousands of men, who did not know even how to keep in ranks, were to be taught to handle a musket, taught to march, and, finally, led under fire;—when all these things are remembered, it must be acknowledged that, for one man, it was too much, and that, if faults have been committed, it is not General Trochu who is to be blamed, but the miserable men who brought us to such a pass. Above all let us be just. It is quite clear that, if General Trochu had had under his orders real soldiers, commanded by real officers, he might have made great sorties, broken the lines, or at least kept the Germans busy round the place. But how could I, Nicolas Hague, saddler, Claude Frichet, the grocer round the corner, and a couple of hundred thousand others like us, who did not even know the word of command—how could we fight like old troops? We were not wanting in goodwill, nor in courage; but every man to his trade. As for our percussion rifles and our flint locks, and a hundred other discouraging things, you feel utterly cast down when you know that the enemy are well armed and supported by a terrible artillery. Trochu was well aware of these things; and I believe that neither he, nor Jules Favre, nor Gambetta, nor any of those who declared themselves Republicans on the 4th September, are responsi-

ble for our misfortunes, but Bonaparte and all his crew!"

At last, having heard Nicolas Hague explain his views, seeing that we had been delivered up by selfish men—as Cousin Jacques Desjardins had foreseen four months before—but that the Republic was in existence, and that no doubt justice would be done upon all who had brought us into this sad condition, by which means we might rise some day and get our turn, I had resolved to sell my mill, my land, and everything that belonged to me in the country, and go and settle in France; for the sight of Placiard and the other Prussian functionaries, who were fraternizing together, and shouting, "Long live old Germany!" made my blood boil. I could not stand it.

Cousin George, to whom I mentioned my design, said: "Then, if all the Alsacians and Lorrainers go, in five or six years all our country will be Prussian. Instead of going to America, the Germans will pour in here by hundreds of thousands; they will find in our country, almost for nothing, fields, meadows, vineyards, hop-grounds, noble forests, the finest lands, the richest and most productive in central Europe. How delighted would Bismarck and William be if they saw us decamping! No, no; I'll stay. But this does not mean that I am becoming a Prussian—quite the contrary. But in this ill-drawn treaty there are two good articles; the first affirms that the Alsacians and the Lorrainers, dwelling in Alsace-Lorraine, may, up to the month of October, 1872, declare their intention of remaining French, on condition of possessing an estate in France; the second affirms that the French may retain their landed estates in Germany.

"Well, I at once elect to remain a Frenchman, and I take up my abode in Paris with my friend Nicolas Hague, who will be happy to do me this service. I don't want to become a burgomaster, a municipal councillor, or anything of that kind; it will be enough for me to possess good land, a thriving business, and a pleasant house. Yea—I intend to declare at once; and if all who are able to secure an abode in France will do as I am doing, we shall have German authorities over us it is true, but the land and the people will remain French; and the land and the men are everything.

"Were not the old *préfets* and sous-*préfets* of the *honest man* intruders, just as much as these men are? Did they care for anything but making us pay what the chambers had voted, and compelling us to

elect for deputies old fogies who would be safe to vote whichever way the Emperor required them? Did they trouble themselves about us, our commerce, our trade, any farther than merely to draw from us the best part of our profits for themselves, their friends, their acquaintances, and all the supporters of the dynasty of the perjurer?"

"These new *préfets*, these *kreis-directors*, these burgomasters, set over us to defend the Prussian dynasty, will not concern us much more than the others did. At first they will try mildness; and as we have been well able to remain French under the *préfets* of Bonaparte, so we may live and remain French under those of Emperor William.

"My principal concern is that a large majority should declare as I am about to do. The fear is lest the Placiards and other mayors of the Empire kept in their places by the Prussians, will be able to turn aside the people from declaring themselves as Frenchmen, by intimidating them with threats of being looked upon suspiciously, or even of being expelled; the fear is lest these fellows should keep back day after day those who are afraid of deciding: for when once the day is past, those who have not declared for France will be Prussians; their children will serve and be subject to blows at the age of twenty, for old Germany; and those who have already fled into France will be forced to return or renounce their inheritance for ever.

"My chief hope now is that the French journals, which are always so busy saying useless things, will now, without fail, warn the Alsacians and Lorrainers of their danger, and explain to them that if they declare for France their persons and their property will be guaranteed in safety by the treaty; but if they neglect to do so, their persons and their property fall under the Prussian laws. They would even do well to furnish a clear and simple form of declaration. By this step, all who are interested would be clearly informed, and these papers would have done the greatest service to France.

"As for me, here I stay! I am here upon my own land; I have bought it; I have paid for it with the sweat of my brow. I will pay the taxes; I will hold my tongue, that I may be neither worried nor driven away. I will sell my crops to the Germans as dearly as I can; I will employ none but Frenchmen; and if the Republic acquires strength, as I hope it will—for now the people see what Monarchies have been able to do for us—if the

nation transacts its own business wisely, sensibly, with moderation, good order and reflection, she will soon rise again, she will once more become powerful. In ten years our losses will be repaired: we shall possess well-informed constituencies, national armies, upright administrations, a commissariat and a staff very different from that which we have known.

"Then let the French return; they will find us, as before, ready to receive them with open arms, and to march at their sides.

"But if they pursue their old course of *coups-d'état* and revolution; if the adventurers, the Jesuits and the egotists form another coalition against justice; if they re-commence their disgraceful farces of plebiscites and constitutions by yes and no, and bayonets pointed at people's throats and with electors of whom one-half cannot even read; if they bestow places again by patronage and recommendation of friends, instead of honestly throwing them open to competition; if they refuse elementary education and compulsory military service; if they will have, as in past times, an ignorant populace, and an army filled with mercenaries, in order that the sons of nobles and bourgeois may remain peaceably at home, whilst the poor labour like beasts of burden and go and meet their deaths upon battle-fields for matters they have no concern with:—in a word, if they overthrow the Republic and set up monarchy again, then what miseries may we not expect? Poor France, rent by her own children, will end like Poland; all our conquests of '89 will be lost. Switzerland, Italy, Belgium, Holland, all the free nations of the Continent will share our fate; the great splay feet of the Germans will overspread Europe, and we unhappy Alsacians and Lorrainers will be forced to bow the head under the yoke, and go off to America."

This speech of George's made me reflect, and I resolved to wait.

Many Alsacians and Lorrainers have thought the same; and this is why M. Thiers was right in saying that the Republic is the form of government which least divides us: it is also the only one which can save us. Any other form of government, upon which Legitimists, Orleanists and Bonapartists could well meet on common ground, would end in our destruction. If it should happen that one of these parties succeeds in placing its prince upon the throne, the next day all the others would unite and overthrow it; and the Germans, taking advantage of our division, would

seize upon Franche Comté and Champagne.

The deputies of the Right ought to reflect upon this. It is to reinstate the country, not a party, that they are at Versailles; it is to restore harmony to our distracted country, and not to sow fresh dissensions. I appeal to their patriotism, and, if this is not enough, to their prudence. New *coups-d'état* would level us into fresh revolutions more and more terrible. The nation, whose desire is for peace, labour, order, liberty, education and justice for all, is weary of seeing itself torn to pieces by Emperors and Kings; the nation might become exasperated against these anglers after things in troubled waters, and the consequences might become terrible indeed.

Let them ponder well; it is their duty to do so.

And all these princes—all these shameless pretenders, who make no scruple of coming to divide us at the crisis when union alone can save us—when the German is occupying all the strong places in the frontier, and is watching the opportunity to rend away another portion of our country! Those men who slip into the army through favour; whose disaffected newspapers impede the revival of trade, in the hope of disgusting the people of the Republic! These princes who one day pledge their word of honour, and the day after withdraw it, and who are not ashamed to claim millions in the midst of the general ruin!—Yes; these men must conduct themselves differently, if they don't want us to call to remembrance their father Louis Philippe, intriguing with the Bonapartists to dethrone his benefactor Charles X.; and their grandfather, Philippe Egalité, intriguing with the Jacobins and voting the death of Louis XVI. to save his fortune, whilst his son was intriguing in the army of the north with the traitor Dumouriez to march upon Paris and overthrow the established laws.

But the day of intrigues has passed by!

Bonaparte has stripped many besides these Princes of Orleans; he has shot, transported, totally ruined fathers of families by thousands; their wives and their children have lost all! Not one of these unhappy creatures claims a farthing; they would be ashamed to ask anything of their country at such a time as this: the Princes of Orleans, alone, claim their millions.

Frankly, this is not handsome.

I am but a plain miller; by hard work I have won the half of what I possess; but if my little fortune and my life could re-

store Alsace and Lorraine to France, I would give them in a moment; and if my person were a cause of division and trouble, and dangerous to the peace of my country, I would abandon the mill built by my ancestors, the lands which they have cleared, those which I have acquired by work and by saving, and I would go! The idea that I was serving my country, that I was helping to raise it, would be enough for me. Yes, I would go, with a brimming heart, but without casting a backward glance.

And now let us finish the story of the *Plébiscite*.

Jacob returned to work at the mill; Jean Baptiste Werner also came back to demand Grédel in marriage. Grédel consented with all her heart; my wife and I gave our consent cordially.

But the dowry? This was on Grédel's mind. She was not the girl to begin house-keeping without her hundred livres! So I had again to run the water out of the sluice to the very bottom, get into the mud again, and once more handle the pick and spade.

Grédel watched me; and when the old chest came to the light of day with its iron hoops, when I had set it on the bank, and opened the rusty padlock, and the crowns all safe and sound glittered in her eyes, then she melted; all was well now! She even kissed me and hung upon her mother's neck.

The wedding took place on the 1st of July last; and in spite of the unhappy times, it was a joyful one.

Towards the end of the fête, and when they were uncorking two or three more bottles of old wine, in honor of M. Thiers and all the good men who are supporting him in founding the Republic in France, Cousin George announced to us that he had taken Jean Baptiste Werner into partnership in his stone quarry. Building stone will be wanted; the bombardments and the fires in Alsace will long furnish work for architects, quarrymen, and masons; it will be a great and important business.

My cousin declared, moreover, that he, George Weber, would supply the money required; that Jean Baptiste should travel to take orders and work the quarries, and they would divide the profits equally.

M. Fingado, Notary, seated at the table, drew the deeds out of his pocket, and read them to us, to the satisfaction of all.

And now things are in order, and we will try to regain by labour, economy, and good conduct, what Bonaparte lost for us by his *plébiscite*.

My story is ended; let every one derive from it such reflections and instructions as he may.

From The British Quarterly Review.

THE POETRY OF MATTHEW ARNOLD.*

HAZLITT, writing of one of Wordsworth's latest and more classical poems, "*Laodamia*," describes it as having "the sweetness, the gravity, the beauty, and the languor of death,—calm contemplation and majestic pains." There also, we have, in one of Hazlitt's terse and sententious criticisms, the aroma of the finest poems of Wordsworth's greatest poetical disciple—one, too, who is the disciple of Wordsworth, emphatically in his later rather than in his earlier phase; Wordsworth schooled into a grace and majesty not wholly meditative, but in part, at least, critical; Wordsworth the conscious artist as well as poet; not Wordsworth the rugged rhapsodist of spiritual simplicity and natural joy. "The sweetness, the gravity, the strength, the beauty, and the languor of death,—calm contemplation and majestic pains,"—all these may be found in the most characteristic and most touching of Mr. Arnold's poems; in the melancholy with which the sick King of Bokhara broods over the fate of the wretch whom his pity and power could not save from the expiation he himself courted; in the gloomy resentment of Mycerinus against the unjust gods who cut short his effort to reign justly over his people; in the despair of Empedocles on Etna, at his failure to solve the riddle of the painful earth—his weariness of "the devouring flame of thought," the naked, eternally restless mind whose thirst he could not slake; in those dejected lines written by a death-bed, in which Mr. Arnold contrasts the hopes of youth with what he deems the highest gain of manhood, "calm;" in the noble sonnet which commemorates Sophocles as one whom "business could not make dull nor passion wild;" in the fine "*Memorial Verses*," wherein he praises Wordsworth for assuaging that dim trouble of humanity which Goethe could only dissect and describe; in the melodious sadness of the personal retrospects in "*Resignation*," "*A Southern Night*," and "*Self-Dependence*;" in the large concessions to Heine's satiric genius, made in

* (1) *Poems*. BY MATTHEW ARNOLD. Two Vols. Macmillan.

the verses composed at his tomb at Montmartre; in the consciously hopeless cravings of "The Scholar Gipsy" and "Thyrsis," after a reconciliation between the intellect of man and the magic of Nature; and, most characteristically of all, in the willing half-sympathy given by Mr. Arnold to those ascetics of the Grande Chartreuse, whom his intellect condemns, and in the even deeper enthusiasm with which he addresses, in the midst of melancholy Alpine solitudes that modern refugee from a sick world, the author of "Obermann," delineates the intellectual weakness and dejection of the age, and feebly though poetically shadows forth his own hopeless hope of a remedy. In all these poems alike, and many others which we have not space to enumerate—in all indeed in which Mr. Arnold's genius really gains a voice—there is "the sweetness, gravity, strength, beauty, and the languor of death," blended in the spirit of a calm contemplativeness which takes all the edge off anguish and makes the poet's pains "majestic;" for Mr. Arnold's poems are one long variation on a single theme, the divorce between the soul and the intellect, and the depth of spiritual regret and yearning which that divorce produces. Yet there is a didactic keenness with the languor, an eagerness of purpose with the despondency, which give half the individual flavour to his lyrics. A note of confidence lends authority to his scepticism; the tone of his sadness is self-contained, sure, and even imperious, instead of showing the ordinary relaxation of loss; and the reader of his poetry is apt to rise from it with the same curious questioning in his mind which Mr. Arnold has put in to the mouth of Nature, in the verses called "Morality,"—a questioning after the origin of "that severe, that earnest air," which breathes through poetry of all but hopeless yearning and all but unmixed regret.

No doubt one kind of answer to this question is that Mr. Arnold has inherited from the great teacher of Rugby and historian of the Punic War the lofty didactic impulse which marks all his prose and poetry alike, although the substance of the lessons he is so eager to give has sadly dwindled in the descent from father to son. But that is but one sort of answer, which explains rather the spring from which he derives the strain in his temperament which has impressed a certain nervous depth, and moral "distinction" upon poetry of which the drift is uniformly a realistic melancholy, than the source

from which he has fed the flame of his genius, and justified the calm egotism of its literary rescripts. Intellectually, Mr. Arnold's descent, as he himself is always foremost to acknowledge, is to be derived in almost equal degree from Goethe the critic and artist, and from Wordsworth the poet; both of them, observe, marked by the same character of clear, self-contained, thoughtful, heroic egotism. We say Goethe the critic and artist—for we recognize far less in Goethe's deepest and most perfect vein of poetry, that conscious self-culture and that lucidity of enthusiastic self-study, which lend the charm to his conversations, his novels, and his criticisms. And Mr. Arnold, even in his capacity of poet—we are not about to touch his essays, except so far as they throw a light on his poetry—is always aiming at self-culture; and singing, not songs of involuntary melody, but of carefully-attuned aspiration or regret. From both Goethe and Wordsworth, again, he has learned to treat his own individuality with a certain exaltation of touch, an air of Olympian dignity and grace, which lends the fascination of "the grand style" to lyrics so sad that they might otherwise trail upon the earth too slack and limp a growth. Mr. Arnold has always impressed on his poems that air of aristocratic selectness and conscious exclusiveness which Goethe, even after being the popular poet of Germany, claimed for his own writings. Eckermann tells how, going to dine with Goethe one day in 1828, and finding him dressed in the "black frock-coat and star in which I (Eckermann) always liked best to see him," the stately old man took him aside into the window, apart from the rest of the dinner company, only to make the following confidence:—

"Dear child, he said, I will confide something to you, which will at once give you a lift over many puzzles, and which may be an assistance to you throughout your whole life. *My writings cannot become popular*; anyone who thinks they can, and strives to make them so, is in error. They are not written for the masses, but only for individual men who themselves desire and seek something analogous, and who are pursuing similar lines of thought."

We can well imagine Mr. Arnold some twenty years hence, dressed with similar care and wearing the order conferred upon him the other day by the King of Italy for his services to the Duke of Genoa, making a precisely similar confidence to some "young lion of the *Daily Telegraph*" engaged in the study of his writings, and

disturbed at finding that his poems secure so much less recognition from the people than those of Tennyson or Morris. And he would be far more in the right than Goethe, for Goethe's songs are popular in their very essence; it is only those of his writings in which his cool reflective spirit has found expression, like "Tasso," or "Iphigenia," or "Wilhelm Meister," or "Faust," to which his ingenuous confidence to Eckermann can properly apply. But a similar confession would apply to all Mr. Arnold's poems, which draw their life entirely from the proud self-conscious zone of modern experience, and have scarce given forth one single note of popular grief or joy. It would apply, too, for a different reason, to almost all Wordsworth's poems, not because Wordsworth belonged to the aristocratic school of modern culture—quite the reverse; but because he steeped himself in the rapture of a meditative solitude which puts him at a distance from all mankind, and makes him loom large, as it were, out of the magnifying folds of one of his own mountain mists.

But Mr. Arnold, in borrowing from Goethe the artist and critic, and from Wordsworth the poet, something of what we have called their style of clear heroic egotism, has not borrowed from either of them the characteristic motive and individuality which in them justifies that style. Had he done so he could not be the original poet he is. He is neither the poet of mere self-culture, nor the solitary interpreter of Nature, but something between the two; a careful student and graphic as well as delicate expositor of the spiritual pangs and restlessness of this age on the one hand, and of the refreshments and anodynes to be derived from Nature on the other. And he is more or less conscious, moreover, in spite of some youthful theories of the true function of poetry which he has had to disregard, that it is in the elaborate delineation of his own poetic individuality that these distresses and these consolations receive their reconciliation and their best chance of being practically combined. He feels that his poetic personality has a certain grandeur and meaning in it; that while he has something of Goethe's calm, critical eye for human life and its confusions, he has also something of the meditative thirst and meditative joy of Wordsworth; and that the combination of these two poetic qualifications gives him a distinctive power of his own. "Non me tua turbida terrent dicta," he said once in his majestic way to his critics,

"Dii me terrent et Jupiter hostis." There is no better key to his true poetical aims than the very characteristic poem of his own, addressed in November, 1849, to the author of "Obermann":—

"Yet of the spirits who have reign'd
In this our troubled day,
I know but two, who have attain'd,
Save thee, to see their way.

"By England's lakes, in grey old age,
His quiet home one keeps;
And one, the strong, much-toiling sage
In German Weimar sleeps.

"But Wordsworth's eyes avert their ken
From half of human fate;
And Goethe's course few sons of men
May think to emulate.

"For he pursued a lonely road,
His eyes on Nature's plan;
Neither made man too much a God,
Nor God too much a man.

"Strong was he, with a spirit free
From mists, and sane, and clear;
Clearer, how much! than ours—yet we
Have a worse course to steer.

"But we brought forth and rear'd in hours
Of change, alarm, surprise,
What shelter to grow ripe is ours?
What leisure to grow wise?

"Too fast we live, too much are tried,
Too harass'd, to attain
Wordsworth's sweet calm, or Goethe's wide
And luminous view to gain."

Nevertheless, that is precisely the combination which Mr. Arnold has tried to attain for himself, and is ambitious of illustrating, through himself, for others. He tries to combine a spirit "free from mists, and sane, and clear," with Wordsworth's "sweet calm" and joy in the freshness of Nature. And if he has in any degree succeeded, he knows that the success will best be realized, as those great masters' greater successes were realized, in a delineation of his own poetic individuality. Accordingly, it is really self-delineation of a kind like to theirs, though self-delineation of aims and aspirations about midway between theirs, which gives the charm to his poems. Thus in all his poetical success, it is easy to distinguish two distinct strands: first, the clear recognition (with Goethe) of our spiritual unrest, and the manful effort to control it; next, the clear recognition (with Wordsworth) of the balm to be found in sincere communion with Nature. To the treatment of both these elements

again he has given a certain freshness and individuality of his own.

We will first indicate generally his treatment of the former point. His characteristic effort on this side has been to introduce into a delineation, at once consistent and various in its aspects, of the intellectual difficulties, hesitations, and distresses of cultivated minds in the nineteenth century, a vein of imperious serenity — what he himself calls "sanity" of treatment — which may stimulate the mind to bear the pain of constantly disappointed hope. Yet, oddly enough, his early theory of poetry would have restrained him from giving us such a picture of moral and intellectual sufferings at all; and he even suppressed a poem, "Empedocles on Etna," which had already gained a certain reputation, and which, beneath a thin disguise of antiquity, discussed half the religious difficulties of modern days, simply because he declared it poetically faulty to choose a situation in which "everything is to be endured, nothing to be done." It was a condemnation of every successful poem he has written, emphatically so of the long expositions of our modern spiritual paralysis and fever in the two poems to the author of "Obermann," of the lines at Heine's grave, of the stanzas at the Grand Chartreuse; indeed, we may say, of all his poems except the classic play "Merope," which probably Mr. Arnold himself now regards as a failure, since he does not include it in his collected poems. "Empedocles on Etna," according to Mr. Arnold in his preface to the edition of 1853, was poetically faulty because it was a picture of "a continuous state of mental distress, unrelieved by incident or hope," which is quite true, and not less true of almost all his other poems. But when he said that it was also unrelieved by *resistance*, he was unjust to himself. What alone renders all this delineation of moral distress and spiritual bewilderment which pervades this poem endurable, is that there is a steady current of resistance, a uniform "sanity" of self-control in the treatment of the painful symptoms so subtly described. Empedocles, in the course of his meditations on suicide on the slopes of Etna, no doubt dwells much on the feeble and false religious philosophy of the time, the credulous self-flatteries of human sophistry, and the sharp antagonism between clear self-knowledge and the superstitions of the age; but he also makes a vigorous appeal to the manliness, fortitude, and sobriety of spirit with which all the disappointments and failures of humanity ought to be met, asserts that it is

the part of a man of true wisdom to curb immoderate desires, to bow to the might of forces he cannot control, and, while nursing no "extravagant hope," to yield to no despair. And when, after thus completely justifying his own "sanity of soul," he confesses himself unable to act as he approves, and leaps into the fiery crater, the reader feels that the blunder of the poet has not been in painting the suffering too highly — for it is not highly coloured — but in selecting for the sufferer a man of too low a courage, and in making him acts a foil to his thoughts. So far from there being no resistance, no breakwater opposed to the flowing tides of mental suffering Empedocles creates the sole interest of the poem by his manly swimming against the stream of despondency, to which later he suddenly abandons himself without sufficient cause assigned. It is like the story of the man who said "I go not," and then went, without giving any glimpse of the reason for his change of mind — a story which, without any attempt to fill in the missing link, would certainly not be a sufficient subject for a poem. It seems to us striking enough that the very charm of Mr. Arnold's method in dealing with this hectic fever of the modern intellect, — for Empedocles, if a true ancient, is certainly a still truer modern in his argument, — is due to his own inconsistency; is due, that is, to the fact that when his subject required him to paint and justify the last stages of moral despondency — and his intellectual view was sceptical enough to be in sympathy with his subject — he could not help expending his chief strength in cutting away the moral ground from under his hero's feet, by insisting that the well-spring of despair was, after all, not in the hostility of Nature or of human circumstances, but in the licence of immoderate desires and insatiable self-will. And it is so throughout his poems. He cannot paint the restlessness of the soul — though he paints it vividly and well — without painting also the attitude of resistance to it, without giving the impression of a head held high above it, a nature that fixes the limits beyond which the corrosion of distrust and doubt shall not go, a deep speculative melancholy kept at bay, *not* by faith, but by a kind of domineering temperance of nature. This is the refrain of almost all his poems. He yields much to this melancholy — intellectually, we should say, almost everything — but morally, he bids it keep its distance, and forbids it to engulf him.

It is this singular equipoise between the doubts that devour, and the intrepid sobriety that excites him to resistance, which gives the peculiar tone to Mr. Arnold's poems. He has not the impulse or *abandon* of Nature for a pure lyric melancholy, such as Shelley could pour forth in words that almost make the heart weep—as, for instance, in the "Lines Written in Dejection in Naples." Again, Mr. Arnold has nothing of the proud faith that conquers melancholy, and that gives to the poems of Wordsworth their tone of rapture. Yet he hits a wonderful middle note between the two. The "lyrical cry," as he himself has finely designated the voice in which the true poetic exaltation of feeling expresses itself, is to be found in a multitude of places in his poems; but in him it neither utters the dejection of the wounded spirit, nor the joy of the victorious spirit, but rather the calm of a steadfast equanimity in conflict with an unconquerable, and yet also unconquering destiny—a firm mind, without either deep shadows of despair or high lights of faith, only the lucid dusk of an intellectual twilight. Perhaps there is no more characteristic specimen of the exact note of Mr. Arnold's "lyrical cry" than the close of the fine poem called "Resignation:"—

"Enough, we live!—and if a life,
With large results so little life,
Though bearable, seem hardly worth
This pomp of worlds, this pain of birth;
Yet, Fausta! the mute turf we tread,
The solemn hills around us spread,
This stream which falls incessantly,
The strange-scrawl'd rocks, the lonely sky,
If I might lend their life a voice,
Seem to bear rather than rejoice.
And even could the intemperate prayer
Man iterates, while these forbear,
For movement, for an ampler sphere,
Pierce Fate's impenetrable ear,
Not milder is the general lot
Because our spirits have forgot
In action's dizzying eddy whirl'd,
The something that infects the world."

Such is the general nature of the human strand in Mr. Arnold's poetry, the restless spiritual melancholy which he pictures, resists, and condemns. But there is another permanent strand in it, that due partly to his love for Wordsworth, and partly to his love for Nature, of whom Wordsworth was the greatest of modern priests. Mr. Arnold finds in the beauty and sublimity of natural scenes the best assuagement of intellectual unrest and moral perplexities. Nature is his balm for every woe. He does not find in her, as Wordsworth did,

the key to any of life's mysteries, or the source of hope, but only the best kind of distraction, which, while it does not relax but rather elevates the tone of the spirit, and even furnishes it with a certain number of symbols for its thought and emotion, also lightens the burden of the mystery by its cooling and refreshing influence. The "languor of death," of which Hazlitt speaks, as characterizing "Laodamia," and of which we have said that it also characterizes Mr. Arnold's poetry, drives him to Nature for relief; and though it generally haunts him even under Nature's sweetest spell, yet you can see that he finds the relief, that the languor is less, and the pulse stronger while he dwells on Nature's life. And it is this sense of pure refreshment in Nature, this ease of mind she partially brings him, this calm amid feverish strife, this dew after hot thought, that determines the style of his studies of Nature. His poetry of this kind is the sweetest, the most tranquillizing, the most quieting of its sort to be found in English literature. In Wordsworth, Nature is the occasion, but his own mind always the *object*, of thought, whether he exercises amidst the "host of golden daffodils" "that inward eye that is the bliss of solitude," or finds in the teaching of a daisy the true medicine for discontent, You cannot plunge yourself in the poetry of Wordsworth without being mentally braced and refreshed; but then it takes an effort to enter into a world so unique, "so solemn and serene," and so far removed from that of ordinary life. Throw off the yoke of the world sufficiently to steep yourself in Wordsworth, and no doubt the refreshment is more complete and the flow of new strength more full than you can expect from the verse of Mr. Arnold; for Mr. Arnold's poetry of Nature is not like Wordsworth's, a newly-created meditative universe, distilled by the poet's mind out of Nature; it is a pale transcript of Nature, painted in the clear, dewy water-colours of tranquil memory. What he says of his own debt to Wordsworth would, if it did not imply a more vivifying and animating influence than Mr. Arnold's poetry ever really exerts, be more nearly applicable to most men's debt to him:—

"He laid us as we lay at birth,
On the cool flowery lap of earth;
Smiles broke from us, and we had ease.
The hills were round us, and the breeze
Went o'er the sun-lit fields again;
Our foreheads felt the wind and rain.

Our youth return'd; for there was shed
On spirits that had long been dead,
Spirits dried up and closely furl'd —
The freshness of the early world."

Now that does not strike me by any means an accurate description of the influence of Wordsworth's poetry on the mind. Wordsworth does not restore us to the ease and freshness of our youth, he rather baptizes us in his own strong and unique spirit. He has a spell of his own, no doubt a cooling and refreshing one, but also a powerful and transforming one. It is due to the strong, keen, meditative simplicity of a mind that is as full of rapture as it is full of insight. It is Wordsworth himself far more than the lark he watched, whose "canopy of glorious light" snatches us out of ourselves, and from whom we learn to be true "to the kindred points of heaven and home." It is Wordsworth himself far more than the cuckoo to which he listened "till he did beget that golden time again," who tells us the old enchanting tale "of visionary hours." The strength and freshness Wordsworth gives us is not the strength and freshness of childhood or youth, but the strength and freshness of a poet on whom "the power of hills" had rested till he lived in a purer world than ours. When Wordsworth says of the solitary reaper, —

"Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain.
Oh listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound!"

—the charm is far less in the song, of which he gives so thrilling a conception, than in those grateful "impulses of deeper birth" springing out of his own heart, of which he tells us a still more thrilling story. Wordsworth is the last poet of whom we should say that he makes us children again. He gives us a new youth, not the old — a youth of deeper serenity, and of a far more truly spiritual joy. But for that very reason, it takes an effort to plunge into him; the change from the busy and crowded levels of human life to his poetry is too great and sudden to be easily taken; it requires a regeneration of our senses as well as a change of scene. But with Mr. Arnold it is different. He does not create for us a new world out of the suggestions and influences of Nature, he only makes us feel keenly the beauty and delicacy of the spectacle which Nature, as she is in her paler and more subdued moods, presents to us, and her strange power of resting and refreshing the mind wearied by small human respon-

sibilities. His eye is always on the object itself, not on the spiritual lessons it discloses. And he paints in the most restful way. He never concentrates, like Tennyson, so that the imagination is at some pain to follow all the touches crowded into little space; he never disembodies, like Shelley, till it becomes an effort to apprehend essences so rare; it is seldom that he paints, like Byron, with a brush dipped as deeply in the glowing passions of his own heart as in the colours of the external world. He paints Nature, like the author of "The Elegy in a Country Churchyard," with the cool liquid, rather weary tone of one who comes to the scenery to take a heart from it, instead of giving the heart to it; but he does it with infinitely more of the modern tenderness and insight for Nature than Gray possessed, and with far more flowing and continuous descriptive power — far less of that polished mosaic-work manner which makes Gray's verses read as if he had forgotten most of the preceding links before completing and enamelling the next link in the chain. In Mr. Arnold's studies of Nature you see the quiet external scene with exquisite lucidity, but you see also, instead of a mirror of laborious and almost painful elaboration, as you do in Gray, a tranquillized spirit, which reflects like a clear lake the features of the scene. Take for example this picture of a wet and stormy English spring and a soft deep English summer, from the lovely poem "Thyrsis," written in commemoration of Mr. Arnold's early friend, Arthur Hugh Clough: —

"So, some tempestuous morn in early June,
When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,
Before the roses and the longest day —
When garden walks and all the grassy floor
With blossoms, red and white, of fallen May
And chestnut flowers are strewn —
So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,
From the wet field, through the vext garden-trees
Come, with the volleying rain and tossing breeze:

The bloom is gone and with the bloom go I!

"Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?
Soon will the high Midsummer pomps come on,
Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,
Sweet-William with his homely cottage-smell,
And stocks in fragrant blow;
Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,
And groups under the dreaming garden-trees,
And the full moon, and the white evening-star."

It would be impossible to give with greater ease as well as delicacy a true picture of these scenes, and with it the subtle flavour of a real rest of spirit in them. The "volleying" rain, the "tossing" breeze, the "vest" garden-trees, and the grass strewn with shed May and chestnut blossoms call up the very life of a squally spring day in England, as do the "high Midsummer poms," the "roses that down the alleys shine afar" the "open, jasmine-muffled lattices," the "groups under the dreaming garden-trees," and the white moon and star, the very life of an English midsummer night; and yet the whole has a tinge of careful tenderness and peace that tells you of the refreshment of these images to the writer. The "vest garden trees" could have been spoken of as "vest" only by one who had a true delight in their air of tranquillity, just as they could have been described as "dreaming" in the midsummer moonlight, only by one who had the deepest feeling for this visionary beauty of contrast between the white light streaming over them, and the black shade beneath. Again "roses that down the alleys shine afar," is a line sufficiently betraying how deeply the fair perspective of an English garden is engraved on the poet's imagination, while the reproaches lavished on the "too quick despairer" for the hasty neglect of so rich a feast of beauty, strikes the key-note to the feeling of the whole. Nor is this passage in any sense a peculiar instance of Mr. Arnold's flowing, lucid, and tender mode of painting Nature. In all his descriptive passages — and they are many and beautiful — it is the same. He is never buoyant and bright indeed, but the scene is always drawn with a gentle ease and grace, suggesting that it springs up in the poet's imagination with as rapid and natural a growth as the strokes which delineate it before your eyes, for he makes no heavy draft upon your imaginative power to follow him; you seem to be sharing with him the very vision which he paints; and as to moral effect, the impressions that these pictures make is something between wistful enjoyment, quiet yearning, and regretful peace; it is always one of rest, but always of a rest that is not fully satisfying — the rest of which the poet himself says, "Calm's not life's crown, though calm is well." And it is characteristic of Mr. Arnold, that in closing his larger poems, even when they are poems of narrative, he is very fond of ending with a passage of purely naturalistic description which shadows forth something more than

it actually paints, and yet leaves the field of suggestion absolutely to the reader's own fancy. Thus, after painting the fatal conflict between Sohrab and Rustum, in which the famous old warrior Rustum gives the death-wound to his own son, in ignorance that he is his son, Mr. Arnold, after giving us the tender farewell of Sohrab to his father when the discovery is made, concludes with this most beautiful passage, in which the accomplished geographer turns his half-scientific, half-poetical pleasure in tracing the course of a great river to the purpose of providing an sort of poetical anodyne for the pain which the tragic ending has, or ought to have, given:—

"But the majestic river floated on,
Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
Into the frosted starlight, and there moved,
Rejoicing, through the hush'd Chorasmanian
waste,
Under the solitary moon; — be flow'd
Right for the polar star, past Orgunjè,
Brimming and bright, and large; then sands
begin
To hem his watery march, and dam his
streams,
And split his currents; that for many a league
The shorn and parcel'd Oxus strains along
Through beds of sand and matted rushy
isles —
Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had
In his high mountain cradle in Pamere,
A foil'd circuitous wanderer — till at last
The long'd-for dash of waves is heard, and
wide
His luminous home of waters opens, bright
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed
stars
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea."

Of course the intention may have been to make the flow of the Oxus, "out of the mist and hum of that low land, into the frosty starlight," and through the "beds of sand and matted rushy isles," which make him a "foiled, circuitous wanderer," till at last, his "luminous home of waters opens, bright and tranquil," a sort of parable of the unhappy Rustum's great career and the peace of his passing away; but nothing of this is so much as hinted, and we should rather say that, though the course of a great river may be selected rather than any other scene of natural beauty, for the vague analogy it presents to the chequered life of a great leader, the intention of the poet is simply to refresh his own mind after the spectacle of mis-spent heroism and clouded destiny, with the image of one of Nature's greater works in which there seems to be the same kind

of vicissitude, the same loss of pristine force and grandeur, and yet a recovery of all and more than all the majestic volume and triumphant strength of the earlier period at the end. Mr. Arnold always seems to feel that the proper anodyne for the pain of lacerated hearts, is the contemplation of the healing and the peace which are to be found inherent in the vital energies of Nature; but his view never seems to be to use these natural analogies as a vague augury of happier fortunes for his characters than it suits his purpose as a poet to paint, but rather simply to recall that there is a great restorative power in the life of Nature to which we ought to turn for relief, whenever the spectacle of disease and disorder and distress becomes overpowering. It is in this sense, we suppose, that Mr. Arnold ends the poem on that feeling of hopeless conflict with his age which led Empedocles to plunge into the crater of Etna, by the following exquisite picture of the classical haunt of the Greek Muses:—

"Through the black, rushing smoke-bursts,
Thick breaks the red flame;
All Etna heaves fiercely
Her forest-clothed frame.

"Not here, O Apollo!
Are haunts meet for thee,
But, where Helicon breaks down
In cliff to the sea.

"Where the moon-silvered inlets
Send far their light voice
Up the still vale of Thisbe,
O speed, and rejoice!

"On the sward at the cliff-top
Lie strewn the white flocks
On the cliff-side the pigeons
Roost deep in the rocks.

"In the moonlight the shepherds,
Soft lulled by the rills,
Lie wrapt in their blankets,
Asleep on the hills.

"—What forms are these coming
So white through the gloom?
What garments out-glistening
The gold-flowered broom?

"What sweet-breathing presence
Out-perfumes the thyme?
What voices enrapture
The night's balmy prime?

"'Tis Apollo comes leading
His choir, the Nine.
—The leader is fairest,
But all are divine.

"They are lost in the hollows!
They stream up again!
What seeks on this mountain
The glorified train?—

"They bathe on this mountain,
In the spring by their road;
Then on to Olympus,
Their endless abode!

"—Whose praise do they mention?
Of what is it told?—
What will be for ever;
What was from of old.

"First hymn they the Father
Of all things;—and then,
The rest of immortals,
The action of men.

"The day in his hotness,
The strife with the palm;
The night in her silence,
The stars in their calm."

A more perfect intellectual anodyne for the pain of a sick mind doubting if its own true life could be harmonized with the life of the great universe, it would be difficult to conceive; it solves no problem, it lifts no veil, but it sings of perfect beauty, human effort, and celestial rest, as if they could really be harmonized in the same bright vision, and so hushes for a moment the tumultuous pulses of the heart. And this is Mr. Arnold's habitual use of Nature. He loves to steep his poems in the colours of the great mountain landscapes, or the cool mountain pastures, or the star-lit summer sea; but it is as a febrifuge from restlessness and doubt, a draught in which he can find not joy but relief, not peace but a sad serenity. Let us give one final instance in the poem called "A Summer's Night," where, after depicting the exhausting duties assigned by the world to the world's labourers and the disastrous wreck which falls upon those who break away from the world's fetters, he concludes in a strain somewhat more explicit than usual, by affirming that in the great world of Nature there is something, which, though it cannot indeed satisfy the heart, still can teach us fortitude, and instil into the soul a few drops of stoic grandeur:—

"Is there no life but these alone?
Madman or slave, must man be one?
Plainness and clearness without shadow of
stain!
Clearness divine!
Ye heavens, whose pure dark regions have no
sign
Of languor, though so calm, and though so
great,
Are yet untroubled and unpassionate!

Who, though so noble, share in the world's
toil,

And, though so task'd, keep free from dust
and soil !

I will not say that your wild deeds retain
A tinge, it may be, of their silent pain
Who have long'd deeply once, and long'd in
vain ;

But I will rather say that you remain
A world above man's head to let him see
How boundless might his soul's horizons be,
How vast, yet of what clear transparency !
How it were good to live there, and breathe
free !

How fair a lot to fill
Is left to each man still ! "

We have now sketched slightly the two main strands in Mr. Arnold's poetry, and are in a position to consider better his specific power of poetic expression and the degree of success and failure shown in the more striking of his individual poems. His power of poetic expression is founded on a delicate simplicity of taste — such a simplicity as we might fairly expect from the student of Goethe and Wordsworth ; from one, moreover, who shows the finest appreciation both for the specific aroma of words and for the drift of thoughts. Simplicity is the characteristic fruit of all these studies and tastes, and perhaps Mr. Arnold's bitterest reproach against this modern world of "change, alarm, surprise" is the medley of unblest emotions, and turbid, obscure feelings which it thrusts upon us, leaving us hardly a single moment of real lucidity to "possess our souls" before we die. Hence his own poetic style is remarkable for its scholarlike delicacy and genuine simplicity of touch (we doubt if one awkward or turgid word is to be found in his poems) ; and if his ear for rhythm is not equal to his insight into the expressive power of words, it is generally only in the poems of *recitative* that this fault is observable. He has not caught from his fine studies of Homer the exquisite music of the Homeric wave of rhythm ; but he has caught his clearness of atmosphere, what he himself has so finely termed "the pure lines of an Ionian horizon, the liquid clearness of an Ionian sky." So much as we have yet said of Mr. Arnold's power of expression has relation only to form — to all which is implied in delicacy of discernment of the force of language, and preference for simplicity of subject in what he treats. But the special direction in which Mr. Arnold's power of poetic expression is chiefly shown is, as what we have said of the burden of his lyrical poems will of course imply, that of sedate and half-intellectual emotions,

especially those which turn towards Nature with tender and melancholy yearning. Now it is this purity and simplicity of taste which give to Mr. Arnold's style an open-air freshness and glow, affording a delightful variety to that element of sedate majesty which we have noted in him, Take, for instance, the beautiful song already quoted, in which Callicles describes the haunt of the Muses, and notice how limpid and fresh is the English as well as the thought, and yet how sedate and stately the general effect. We will repeat only the two lovely verses : —

"What forms are these coming
So white through the gloom ?
What garments out-glistening
The gold-flowered broom ?

"What sweet-breathing presence
Out-perfumes the thyme ?
What voices enrapture
The night's balmy prime ? "

Observe here the exquisitely classical English idiom "out-glistening" and "out-perfume," which conveys with so much simplicity, precision, and grace the rivalry between the charms of the Muses and of Nature, and the surpassingness of the former. Again, the use of the word "enrapture," for the joy which the divine voices diffuse through the moon-lit air, is a stroke of genius in itself, so happily does it convey the identification of the singer with the scene, and with so much simple stateliness of effect. Or take this lovely picture of Thames scenery near Oxford in "The Scholar Gipsy," — a picture that is the perfect embodiment of "sweetness and light : " —

"For most, I know, thou lov'st retired ground !
Thee, at the ferry, Oxford riders blithe,
Returning home on summer nights, have
met
Crossing the stripling Thames at Bab-lock-
hithe,
Trailing in the cool stream thy fingers
wet,
As the punt's rope chops round ;
And leaning backward in a pensive dream,
And fostering in thy lap a heap of flowers
Pluck'd in shy fields and distant Wych-
wood bowers,
And thine eyes resting on the moonlit
stream ! "

It would be impossible to express the tenderness of feeling which scenery long loved and studied excites in the heart — not by its mere beauty, but by its associations also — with more perfect simplicity, and yet not without grandeur of movement and dignity of feeling. The latter

effect is gained partly by the cadence of the verse, which in this poem is always perfectly musical and sedate, and partly by the character of the expression, namely, by a tinge of gentle condescension (as for instance, in the expression "The stripling Thames"), and the careful benignity of the whole detail. The simplicity is gained partly by the perfectly poetical and yet technical naturalness of the line—"As the punt's rope chops round," which is poetical, because it brings the peculiar motion so vividly before you; partly by the happy tenderness of the line—"Fostering in thy lap a heap of flowers," to convey the conscious pleasure of both tending and touching them; but mostly by the perfect ease of the flow of the language, and the bright lucidity of the verse. But Mr. Arnold hardly exercises the full magic of his characteristic power of poetical expression until he is in the mood in which some sad, though calm, emotion is the predominant thread of his thought, and natural beauty only the auxiliary to it; till he is in the mood in which, if his heart flies to his eyes, it is only to find some illustration for the enigmas pent up within it, some new image for the incommunicability of human joy and grief, for the pain which results from the division of the soul against itself, for the restlessness which yearns inconsistently for sympathy and for solitude, and rebounds like a shuttlecock from the one desire to the other. No line, for instance, in the whole range of English poetry is fuller of depth of expression than that which closes one of the poems to Marguerite, the poem which begins with the sad cry—

"Yes! in the sea of life enisled,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless, watery wild,
We mortal millions live alone."

—where Mr. Arnold ends his melancholy reverie by confessing that it was God's will which decreed this strange isolation,

"And bade betwixt their shores to be
The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea."

That last line is inexhaustible in beauty and force. Without any false emphasis or prolix dwelling in the matter, it shadows out to you the plunging deep-sea lead and the eerie cry of "no soundings," recalls that saltiness of the sea which takes from water every refreshing association, every quality that helps to slake thirst or supply sap, and then concentrates all these dividing attributes, which strike a sort of lonely terror into the soul, into the one

word "estranging." It is a line full of intensity, simplicity, and grandeur—a line to possess and haunt the imagination. And the same exceptional force of expression comes out not unfrequently under the shadow of similar emotions.

Nothing, for instance, can have more force of its peculiar kind than the description of the blended delight in Nature and disappointment in Man felt by the French recluse, the author of "Obermann," who fled from the world he disdained to brood over its maladies in French woods and Swiss huts,

"In the lone brakes of Fontainebleau,
Or châteaux near the Alpine snow."

There is a mixed simplicity and exaltation of feeling in the following lines, which few English poets have surpassed:—

"I turn thy leaves! I feel thy breath
Once more upon me roll;
That air of languor, cold, and death,
Which brooded o'er thy soul.

"A fever in these pages burns
Beneath the calm they feign;
A wounded human spirit turns,
Here, on its bed of pain.

"Yes, though the virgin mountain air
Fresh through these pages blows,
Though to these leaves the glaciers spare
The soul of their mute snows;

"Though here a mountain-murmur swells
Of many a dark-bough'd pine,
Though, as you read, you hear the bells
Of the high-pasturing kine—

"Yet, through the hum of torrent lone,
And brooding mountain-bee,
There sobs I know not what ground tone
Of human agony!"

Nor is the opening of this poem at all more characteristic of the special power of its author than its close. There is indeed something, more almost of *peroration* than of the last swell of a lyric emotion, in the poet's adieu to the hero of his reverie:—

"Farewell! Under the sky we part,
In this stern Alpine dell.
O unstrung will! O broken heart,
A last, a last farewell!"

And that leads us to remark how very near poetry of this order—the predominant emotion of which, however sad, is always sedate and stately in its movement—often approaches to the nobler rhetoric, of which grandeur of total effect, with simplicity of elementary structure, are the

main conditions. The object of the verse we have just quoted seems to be almost as nearly one of persuasion, *i.e.*, oratorical, as one of expression, *i.e.*, poetical. It reads more like an indirect but conscious effort to subdue the reader's mind into a mood of compassionate admiration for the author of "Obermann," than a mere utterance of the poet's own feeling;—it is more eloquent than pathetic. And where, as often happens in other poems—in the very fine continuation of this same poem for instance—Mr. Arnold's thread of sentiment is much more directly didactic than it is here (and this is especially the case in the pieces of unrhymed *recitative*, where the leading idea is usually a train of thought rather than feeling, and very frequently a train of very directly hortative, or argumentative thought), the rhetorical often predominates greatly over the poetical vein, and seems to court direct comparison rather with the effusions of the improvisatore than with those of the singer. In such pieces the verse fails—when it does fail,—as the inspiration of the improvisatore fails, more from a subsidence of the initial impulse, than from artistic exhaustion of the theme, or inadequate command of language to work out fully the conception of the imagination. Take, for instance, among the rhymed pieces, the eloquent indictment brought against Death, as if it involved a sort of breach of faith with the instinctive youthful hope for some fulness of earthly rapture, in the piece called "Youth and Calm." No one can read it without noticing the regularly mounting steps of an impassioned *speech*, rather than the imperceptibly graduated concentration of feeling, natural to a lyrical poem:—

" 'Tis death! and peace, indeed, is here,
And ease from shame, and rest from fear.
There's nothing can disarm now
The smoothness of that limpid brow.
But is a calm like this, in truth,
The crowning end of life and youth,
And when this boon rewards the dead,
Are all debts paid, has all been said?
And is the heart of youth so light,
Its step so firm, its eye so bright,
Because on its hot brow there blows
A wind of promise and repose
From the far grave, to which it goes;
Because it has the hope to come,
One day, to harbour in the tomb?
Ah no, the bliss youth dreams is one
For daylight, for the cheerful sun,
For feeling nerves and living breath—
Youth dreams a bliss on this side death!
It dreams a rest, if not more deep,
More grateful than this marble sleep;

It hears a voice within it tell:
Calm's not life's crown, though calm is well!
'Tis all perhaps which man acquires,
But 'tis not what our youth desires."

Only here, what *should* be the peroration is an anti-climax. The best illustrations, however, of the rhetorical cast of a good deal of Mr. Arnold's poetry are to be found in the *recitatives* which find so much favour in his sight, but in which the perfect simplicity and lucidity of structure of his rhymed poems are sometimes—not always—remarkably deficient. The music of rhymed verse always seems to bind him down to the simpler ranges of human experience. He does not resemble Shelley, who, like his own skylark, seems to sing most sweetly as he rises into the rarefied air of abstract essences. On the contrary, Mr. Arnold is always awakened to homelier feelings by the melody of verse, and is never so lucid and concrete as when he has to meet the exigencies of a complex stanza such as he uses in the "Scholar-Gipsy," and "Thyrsis." The little speech which we have just quoted on the contrast between the youthful hopes of earthly bliss and the sad calm of early death is rhetorical in structure, but it is the pathetic rhetoric of a troubled heart, descending on the experience of almost every home. When, however, Mr. Arnold chooses the unrhymed dactylic or anapestic metres for his oratory, though he is often extremely eloquent, and sometimes even rich in pictorial effect, he is apt to be cold and grandiose, and now and then even to be obscure—a sin of which he is rarely indeed guilty. The contrast may be best seen, though it would be impossible with the space at our command to illustrate it, in the comparison between the second poem addressed to the author of "Obermann" ("Obermann Once More," vol. ii. p. 239), and the poem which follows it, and closes the volumes, called "The Future." They are on kindred subjects, the first tracing the signs of the immediate future of modern religion; the second, the relation generally of the tendencies of the Future to those of the Past. The Pantheistic vein of thought and sentiment pervades both poems alike,—and it is one which, as we need hardly say, runs counter to our deepest convictions,—but there is a vast difference between the two as poems. The former is full of human yearning and pathos, of definite picture, and clear imagery; the latter is a dim vapour of eloquent dissertation, in which, indeed, there are vaguely seen some of the bright tints of

the rainbow, but there is no warmth and no clearness; it is grandiose without grandeur, nebulous without mystery. Within our limits we do not know that we can give a finer specimen at once of the frequently high oratory of these choric outbursts of Mr. Arnold's didactic genius, and also of the frequent tendency in them to overpass the impulse which gave them birth, than in the deservedly celebrated lines at Heine's grave, in which Mr Arnold passes from criticism of the bitter German poet to a grand image for this Philistine nation of ours — its blindness and its strength; but unfortunately does not stop there, falling into bathos as he proceeds:—

"I chide thee not, that thy sharp
Upbraidings often assail'd
England, my country; for we,
Troublous and sad, for her sons,
Long since, deep in our hearts,
Echo the blame of her foes.
We, too, sigh that she flags!
We, too, say that she now,
Scarce comprehending the voice
Of her greatest, golden-mouth'd sons
Of a former age any more,
Stupidly travels her round
Of mechanic business, and lets
Slow die out of her life
Glory, and genius, and joy!

"So thou arraign'st her, her foe.
So we arraign her, her sons.

"Yes, we arraign her! but she,
The weary Titan! with deaf
Ears, and labour-dimm'd eyes,
Regarding neither to right
Nor left, goes passively by,
Staggering on to her goal;
Bearing on shoulders immense,
Atlantean, the load,
Well-nigh not to be borne,
Of the too vast orb of her fate.

"But was it thou — I think
Surely it was — that bard
Unnamed, who, Goethe said,
Had every other gift but wanted love;
Love, without which the tongue
Even of angels sounds amiss?

"Charm is the glory which makes
Song of the poet divine;
Love is the fountain of charm!
How without charm wilt thou draw.
Poet! the world to thy way?
Not by the lightnings of wit!
Not by the thunder of scorn!
These to the world, too, are given;
Wit it possesses, and scorn —
Charm is the poet's alone.
*Hollow and dull are the great,
And artist's envious, and the mob pro-
fane.*

We know all this, we know!
Can'st thou from heaven, O child
Of light! but this to declare?
Alas! to help us forget
Such barren knowledge awhile,
God gave the poet his song."

It would be hard to find a higher piece of pure pictorial oratory than that description of England; — as regards style, Mr. Bright, if he held with Mr. Arnold, which of course he does not, might almost have delivered it in one of his greater speeches; — and hard, too, to find a bathos deeper than the flat, harsh, somewhat stilted prose, not even rhythmical, though it is printed in metre, which immediately follows, especially the lines which Mr. Arnold italicizes in the last two stanzas. The same may be said of almost all his *recitative* pieces. They contain fragments of high oratory, but they are coldly intellectual, and tend to a grandiosity from which the fall to flat prose is not difficult.

And it is indeed Mr. Arnold's chief defect as a poet and artist that the themes which interest him most are seldom living and organic wholes, but are rather trains of thought sufficiently fascinating to the imagination and the feelings, but without definite form and organization; in fact, subjects which necessarily lend themselves more easily to the irregular rhythmic improvisations to which we have just referred, than to more perfect forms of verse. Even when he adopts these more perfect forms, it is rather for the sake of the pathos of elegiac moods than for the completeness they give to the framework of an artistic whole. Of all his so-called narrative poems, most of which are, indeed, usually reflective rather than narrative, the "Sick King in Bokhara" is the only one that strikes us as reaching anything like the higher levels of Mr. Arnold's force. "Sohrab and Rustum," polished and elegant as it is, is tame beyond anything that the story can account for. The long Homeric similes are often extremely beautiful, the subject itself is genuinely tragic, the style is classical; there is nothing to account for its tameness except the tameness itself. It is evident that the author felt no throbs of heart as he brought the gallant son into the fatal conflict with the gallant father. He looked on it with the polished interest of an Oxford scholar in an episode of Oriental tradition, but without the slightest touch of that animated sympathy and vivid suspense which Scott would have thrown into such a theme. It is not till we get to the beautiful description of the northward course of the Oxus,

when Rustum is left with the corpse of his son lying beside him on the plain, enveloped in midnight and despair, that we feel the true charm of the poet, and then the story is over. "Balder Dead" has to our ears even less interest than "Sohrab and Rustum." "Tristram and Iseult" is a great advance on either, and is unquestionably a very fine fragment; but it has little title to the name of a narrative poem at all. Mr. Arnold borrows the Arthurian legend only to give a beautiful picture of the shipwreck of unhappy passions in a double form, in the feverish and restless delirium of the dying knight, and in the hollow disappointed youth of Iseult of Brittany after she has survived her husband and her grander rival. Iseult of Ireland is hardly painted, except in face and form; she only kneels beside her lover's death-bed to die with him, and lend her outward image to the poet's picture. But it would be hard to speak too highly of the exquisite and lucid painting of the scene of Tristram's death in the Breton castle, beneath those "ghostlike tapestries" on which are figured the green huntsman, with his bugle and hounds, so dear to the sylvan knight in lifetime, with the Irish queen kneeling, also dead, at his bedside, both of them —

"Cold, cold as those who lived and loved
A thousand years ago;"

or of Iseult of Brittany and of the white hands, in the subsequent part, living, after her husband's and rival's deaths, the joyless life of one who had sought, but found not, the happiness of love, and who survives in the happiness of her children as in a kind of moonlit dream: —

"Joy has not found her yet, nor ever will —
Is it this thought that makes her mien so still,
Her features so fatigued, her eyes, though
sweet,
So sunk, so rarely lifted save to meet
Her children's? She moves slow; her voice
alone
Hath yet an infantine and silver tone,
But even that comes languidly; in truth,
She seems one dying in a mask of youth."

No picture could be sweeter or fairer. Mr. Arnold has a special gift for the delineation of these moods of passionless pain — of still, moonlit craving that is never hot and never satisfied. But the beauty of the poem certainly does not lie in the strength of its narrative, but in its exquisite delineation of the feelings of death-chilled passion and of joyless calm. The "Forsaken Merman" — a very delicate little poem of its kind — is again hardly in

any sense a narrative poem. It is a pretty fanciful song full of picture, of which the living pulse is the innocent childish heart-longing of a bewildered, instinctive, unmasterful love conscious of the existence of a rivalry in the claims of religious feelings into which it cannot enter, and yet full of painful yearning. This is always the type of feeling which Mr. Arnold paints most finely. But far higher are the pretensions of the "Sick King in Bokhara." Slight as the subject is, the poem is full of life, and paints not merely a few exquisite pictures and a new phase of that painful calm or placid suffering in which Mr. Arnold so much excels, but the richness and stateliness, and also the prostration and fatalism, of Oriental life; and it is especially happy in portraying vividly the concrete simplicities of Eastern imagery when expressing desire and regret. The grave, business-like local colour of the opening is, in itself full of promise: —

Hussein. —

"O most just Vizier send away
The cloth-merchants, and let them be,
Them and their dues, this day! the King
Is ill at ease, and calls for thee."

The Vizier. —

"Oh merchants, tarry yet a day
Here in Bokhara! but at noon
To-morrow, come, and ye shall pay
Each fortieth ween of cloth to me,
As the law is, and go your way."

And then the story of the poor man who in the intensity of his thirst, during the long drought, had secreted a pitcher of water for his own use, and when he found it drained, had cursed those who drained it, his own mother amongst them, and who, in his remorse, called upon the king to give judgment upon him that he might be stoned and expiate his sin as the law demanded, and the delineation of the king's extreme reluctance, are given with the most genuine force and simplicity. The king's great desire to spare the man, and the orders given for that purpose, of which it is pithily said —

"As the king said, so was it done,"

— the man's indignation at this hesitation to judge and punish him, — the king's loth consent at last, and the fanatical joy of the victim, are painted with something like the grand simplicity of the Hebrew Scriptures: —

"Now the King charged us secretly:
'Stoned must he be, the law stands so
Yet, if he seek to fly, give way!
Hinder him not, but let him go.'

"So saying, the King took a stone,
And cast it softly; — but the man,
With a great joy upon his face,
Kneel'd down, and cried not, neither ran."

And perhaps the most dramatic thing in the whole range of Mr. Arnold's poems, is the scornful reproof administered by the old Vizier, when he has heard the story, to the king's weakness and softness of heart:—

The Vizier. —

"O King, in this I praise thee not!
Now must I call thy grief not wise.
Is he thy friend, or of thy blood,
To find such favour in thine eyes?"

"Nay, were he thine own mother's son,
Still thou art king, and the law stands.
It were not meet the balance swerved,
The sword were broken in thy hands.

"But being nothing, as he is,
Why for no cause make sad thy face? —
Lo, I am old! three kings, ere thee,
Have I seen reigning in this place.

"But who, through all this length of time,
Could bear the burden of his years,
If he for strangers pain'd his heart
Not less than those who merit tears?"

"Fathers we *must* have, wife and child,
And grievous is the grief for these;
This pain alone which *must* be borne,
Makes the head white, and bows the knees.

"But other loads than this his own
One man is not well made to bear.
Besides, to each are his own friends,
To mourn with him and show him care.

"Look, this is but one single place,
Though it be great; all the earth round,
If a man bear to have it so,
Things which might vex him shall be found.

"Upon the Russian frontier, where
The watchers of two armies stand
Near one another, many a man,
Seeking a prey unto his hand,

"Hath snatch'd a little fair-hair'd slave;
They snatch, also, towards Mervé,
The Shiah dogs, who pasture sheep,
And up from thence to Orgunjé.

"And these all, labouring for a lord,
Eat not the fruit of their own hands;
Which is the heaviest of all plagues,
To that man's mind, who understands.

"The kaffirs also (whom God curse!)
Vex one another, night and day;
There are the lepers, and all sick;
There are the poor, who faint away.

"All these have sorrow, and keep still,
Whilst other men make cheer, and sing.
Wilt thou have pity on all these?
No, nor on this dead dog, O King!"

Mr. Arnold has never achieved anything so truly dramatic as this poem. The reasoning, never in the abstract, but always by examples which run through it, the profound abasement of mind before the demands of the admitted conditions of social existence, the utter acquiescence of the sage old minister's intellect in the order of things as he knows it, the wonder and distress of the young king that his own urgent desire is of so little account when he would alleviate the lot of one human being whom he pities, and the kicking of his nature against the pricks of the iron circle which limits his royal power, are all painted with a brightness and care which would almost argue a special Oriental culture, though we do not suppose that Mr. Arnold has had any specially great opportunities in that direction. Of the poems which are called narrative, this is in our opinion the only one, rightly so called, that is perfectly successful. And perhaps its perfect success is due to the curious correspondence between the elements of the story and the peculiar tendencies already noticed in Mr. Arnold's genius. The stately egotism of manner, which has here full swing and a great field, the dignified remorse which breeds so resolute a spirit of expiation in the sinner's mind, the sedate dignities of the king's helplessness, the contemptuous criticism of the Grand Vizier on the unreasonable excess of his master's sympathy with one who had no natural claims on him, and the extreme simplicity of the whole action, all seem to fit the subject specially for Mr. Arnold's treatment. At all events, as to the brilliant clearness and rich colouring of the completed whole, there can be no two opinions. It seems to us nearly the only case in which Mr. Arnold has chosen a subject distinct and perfect in its parts, and complete as a whole — a subject of which you cannot say that he brought it to a conclusion chiefly because it must end somewhere, and he had exhausted his own interest in it. This piece is the one exception to the rule that Mr. Arnold's best poems are not artistic wholes which come to a necessary and natural end because their structure is organically perfect, but rather fragments of imaginative reverie, which begin where the poet begins to meditate, and end when he has done.

It must not be supposed, however, that we regard the art of those of Mr. Arnold's poems which are expressly elegiac and lyrical, as generally poor. On the contrary, as it is of the essence of pieces of this kind to reflect absolutely the mood of the poet, to begin where he begins and end where he ends,—the only artistic demand which can possibly be applicable to the *structure* of such pieces, is that it shall show you the growth and subsidence of a vein of thought and emotion, and make no abrupt demands on the sympathy of the reader. This, at all events in almost all his rhymed pieces of a lyrical and elegiac nature, Mr. Arnold effects with the greatest delicacy and modulation of feeling; in the others he is not unfrequently stranded on bare prose, and compelled to leap back with a very jerky movement into the tide of his emotion. But from his highest moods of reverie he subsides, by the help of some beautiful picture of scenery in harmony with the emotions he is delineating; as in the lovely Alpine sketches of his "Obermann," or with some graceful episode of illustration, like the beautiful comparison between the wandering Scholar Gipsy's dread of the contagion of our hesitating half-love of Nature, which hugs the shore of artificial civilization, and the old Tyrian skippers's wrath against the Greek coaster, who troubled his realm by timid competition, and yet never dared to launch out into the shoreless ocean. No art can be more perfect than that with which Mr. Arnold closes the finer of his lyrical and elegiac poems—poems, however, of which it is the very essence to reflect his own reveries, not to paint any continuous whole.

When we come to ask what Mr. Arnold's poetry has done for this generation, the answer must be that no one has expressed more powerfully and poetically its spiritual weaknesses, its craving for a passion that it cannot feel, its admiration for a self-mastery that it cannot achieve, its desire for a creed that it fails to accept, its sympathy with a faith that it will not share, its aspiration for a peace that it does not know. But Mr. Arnold does all this from the intellectual side,—sincerely and delicately, but from the surface, and never from the centre. It is the same with his criticisms. They are fine, they are keen, they are often true, but they are always too much limited to the thin superficial layer of the moral nature of their subjects, and seem to take little comparative interest in the deeper individuality beneath. Read his essay on Heine, and you

will see the critic engrossed with the relation of Heine to the political and social ideas of his day, and passing over with comparative indifference the true soul of Heine, the fountain both of his poetry and his cynicism. Read his fine lectures on translating Homer, and observe how exclusively the critic's mind is occupied with the form, as distinguished from the substance of the Homeric poetry. Even when he concerns himself with the greatest modern poets, with Shakspeare (as in the preface to the earlier edition of his poems), or with Goethe in reiterated poetical criticisms, or when he, again and again in his poems, treats of Wordsworth, it is always the style and superficial doctrine of their poetry, not the individual character and unique genius, which occupy him. He will tell you whether a poet is "sane and clear," or stormy and fervent; whether he is "rapid" and "noble," or loquacious and quaint; whether a thinker penetrates the husks of conventional thought which mislead the crowd; whether there is sweetness as well as lucidity in his aims; whether a descriptive writer has "distinction" of style, or is admirable only for his vivacity; but he rarely goes to the individual heart of any of the subjects of his criticism;—he finds their style and class, but not their personality in that class; he *ranks* his men, but does not portray them; hardly even seems to find much interest in the *individual* roots of their character. And so, too, with his main poetical theme,—the spiritual weakness and languor and self-disdain of the age. He paints these characteristics in language which makes his poems a sort of natural voice for the experience of his contemporaries, a voice without which their intellectual life would be even more obscure and confused than it is; but still with a certain intellectual superficiality of touch which suggests the sympathetic observer rather than the wakeful sufferer, and which leaves an unfathomed depth beneath the layer of perturbed consciousness with which he deals—that is, beneath that plane wherein the spheres of the intellect and the soul intersect, of which he has so carefully studied the currents and the tides. The sign of this limitation, of this exclusion, of this externality of touch, is the tinge of conscious intellectual majesty rearing its head above the storm with the "Quos ego" of Virgil's god, that never forsakes these poems of Mr. Arnold's even when their "lyrical cry" is most pathetic. It is this which identifies him with the scap-

tics, which renders his poems, pathetic as they often are, no adequate expression of the passionate craving of the soul for faith. There is always a tincture of pride in his confessed inability to believe—a self-congratulation that he is too clear-eyed to yield to the temptations of the heart. He asks with compassionate imperiousness for demonstration rather than conviction; conviction he will not take without demonstration. The true *humility* of the yearning for faith is far from Mr. Arnold's conception. The Poet Laureate's picture of himself, as—

—“Falling with my weight of cares
Upon the world's great altar stairs
That slope through darkness up to God,”

is a very great contrast indeed to Mr. Arnold's grand air of tearful Virgilian regret as he gazes on the pale ascetic faces of the Carthusian monks, and delivers himself thus:—

“Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born,
With nowhere yet to rest my head,
Like these, on earth I wait forlorn.
Their faith, my tears, the world deride;
I come to shed them at their side.”

His vision of Christ and Christianity, even, is wholly taken from the same standing-point of genuine but condescending sympathy. He can see how much greater the Christian Church was than the Roman world it subdued; but to him it is greater not through the truth of its belief, but through that vast capacity of belief which enabled it to accept what was not true,—in short, to feign a truth higher than the naked facts. No passage in Mr. Arnold's poems is perhaps so grand as the one which delineates this contrast, with its majestic though false and desolate assumption that it was the mighty *dreaming* power of the East, the power to create the objects of its own belief, which conquered the hard organization of the West; and as no passage is so characteristic of Mr. Arnold's whole relation to the thought of his day, with it, though it is somewhat long, we will close our too voluminous extracts from his stately and fascinating poems:—

“Wellnigh two thousand years have brought
Their load, and gone away,
Since last on earth there lived and wrought
A world like ours to-day.

“Like ours it look'd in outward air!
But of that inward prize,

Soul, that we take more count and care,
Ah! there our future lies.”

“Like ours it look'd in outward air! —
Its head was clear and true,
Sumptuous its clothing, rich its fare,
No pause its action knew;

“Stout was its arm, each thew and bone
Seem'd puissant and alive —
But ah! its heart, its heart was stone,
And so it could not thrive.

“On that hard Pagan world disgust
And secret loathing fell;
Deep weariness and sated lust
Made human life a hell.

“In his cool hall, with haggard eyes,
The Roman noble lay;
He drove abroad, in furious guise
Along the Appian way;

“He made a feast, drank fierce and fast,
And crown'd his hair with flowers —
No easier nor no quicker pass'd
The impracticable hours.

“The brooding East with awe beheld
Her impious younger world.
The Roman tempest swell'd and swell'd,
And on her head was hurl'd.

“The East bow'd low before the blast
In patient, deep disdain;
She let the legions thunder past,
And plunged in thought again.

“So well she mused, a morning broke
Across her spirit grey.
A conquering, new-born joy awoke,
And fill'd her life with day.

“‘Poor world,’ she cried, ‘so deep accurst!
That runn’st from pole to pole
To seek a draught to slake thy thirst —
Go, seek it in thy soul!’

“She heard it, the victorious West,
In crown and sword array'd!
She felt the void which mined her breast,
She shiver'd and obey'd.

“She veil'd her eagles, snapp'd her sword,
And laid her sceptre down;
Her stately purple she abhor'd,
And her imperial crown;

“She broke her flutes, she stopp'd her sports,
Her artists could not please;
She tore her books, she shut her courts,
She fled her palaces.

* This flat and unfortunate verse, as it seems to us, has been inserted by Mr. Arnold in his second edition to make his doctrine of the religion of the future seem more hopeful. It is a prosaic doctrinal graft on which we cannot compliment him.

- "Lust of the eye and pride of life,
She left it all behind —
And hurried, torn with inward strife,
The wilderness to find.
- "Tears wash'd the trouble from her face!
She changed into a child!
'Mid weeds and wrecks she stood — a place
Of ruin — but she smiled!
- "Oh, had I lived in that great day,
How had its glory new
Fill'd earth and heaven, and caught away
My ravished spirit too!
- "No cloister-floor of humid stone
Had been too cold for me;
For me no Eastern desert lone
Had been too far to flee.
- "No thoughts that to the world belong
Had stood against the wave
Of love which set so deep and strong
From Christ's then open grave.
- "No lonely life had pass'd too slow
When I could hourly see
That wan, nail'd Form, with head droop'd
low,
Upon the bitter tree;
- "Could see the Mother with the Child
Whose tender winning arts
Have to his little arms beguiled
So many wounded hearts!
- "And centuries came, and ran their course,
And unspent all that time
Still, still went forth that Child's dear force,
And still was at its prime.
- "Ay, ages long endured his span
Of life, 'tis true received,
That gracious Child, that thorn-crown'd Man!
He lived while we believed.
- "While we believed, on earth he went,
And open stood his grave;
Men call'd from chamber, church, and tent,
And Christ was by to save.
- "Now he is dead! Far hence he lies
In the lone Syrian town,
And on his grave, with shining eyes,
The Syrian stars look down.
- "In vain men still, with hoping new,
Regard his death-place dumb,
And say the stone is not yet to,
And wait for words to come.
- "Ah, from that silent sacred land,
Of sun, and arid stone,
And crumbling wall, and sultry sand,
Comes now one word alone!
- "From David's lips this word did roll,
'Tis true and living yet;
*No man can save his brother's soul,
Nor pay his brother's debt.*

"Alone, self-poised, henceforward man
Must labour! must resign
His all too human creeds, and scan
Simply the way divine."

Sad, false, and painfully superficial teaching was hardly ever embodied in a finer poetic form. We should shrink from it as we read, were it not that the poet's patronizing account of Christian faith is so foreign to us as to read like an intellectual travesty on Christian feeling. It would have been impossible to paint more grandly the hard pageantry of Roman civilization, or more imaginatively the apparently magic victory of the brooding mystic over the armed conqueror. But when Mr. Arnold paints the "patient deep disdain" of the East for physical might as the power by which it won its miraculous victory, he is inverting strangely the testimony of history, indeed he is reading his own lofty intellectualism back into the past. The East has always been accused of bowing with even too deep a prostration of soul before the omnipotent fiat of the Almighty. It was the Eastern delight in that semi-fatalism which gave Mahomed his strange spell over the Eastern imagination; nay, it was the same fascinated submission to the finger of sheer Power which is occasionally so intensely expressed even in the Hebrew prophets as to read to Christian ears as if God were above righteousness, and as if responsibility could be merged in obedience. If there were any disdain in the Eastern feeling towards the armies of Rome, it was not disdain for the Roman power but for the Roman weakness — that inaccessibility of the West to whispers of the soul which seemed to the Eastern mystic the oracles of a power far greater than the Roman, and of one before which the Roman would be broken in pieces. In other words, what the East disdained in Rome was its want of *listening* power, not its want of dreaming power, of which the Oriental world always knew too well the relaxing and enervating influence. It was too much dreaming which had brought it into subjection to Rome, and further dreaming would only make that subjection more abject. Had Christ, or rather His ideal image, "received," as Mr. Arnold here says, from the enthusiastic reverie of the East, the gift of a spiritual ascendancy which there was no real divine Christ to exercise, the peculiar strength of the East must have been precisely identical with its peculiar weakness, namely, its faculty for believing that to be due to a living Power, outside the mind, which was

in truth only the unreal image of the mind itself. The power which could break to pieces hosts of legions was not in the dreamer but in Him who awakened the dreamer and dispelled the dream. And it was not "disdain" but "humility" by which the East learned to thrill to the authority of this imperious whisper of the soul—this "foolishness" of faith.

And for us, too, it is not disdain, but humility which shall help us to recover the loss which Mr. Arnold so pathetically bewails, but which his poetry implicitly expresses also a deep reluctance to supply. The old paradox is as true to-day as it was when St. Paul proclaimed that the weak things of the world should confound the mighty, and the things which were not, should bring to naught the things which were. Perhaps we may paraphrase the same truth in relation to Mr. Arnold's many beautiful expressions of the impotence of the intellect to believe, by saying that he never reaches down to the sources of faith, simply because that final act of humility and trust in which faith arises, is always *individual*, and therefore to him an act of foolishness. Faith is not susceptible of intellectual generalization, being indeed a living act of the individual soul, which must surrender itself captive to Christ in a spiritual plane far deeper than that where the dialogue with Doubt which Mr. Arnold so leisurely dramatizes, takes place. Like his own favourite Alpine peak, like

"Jaman ! delicately tall
Above his sun-warm'd firs,"

Mr. Arnold's poetry towers above the warmth of the faiths it analyzes and rejects, and gains thereby its air of mingled pride and sadness. He seems, indeed, to take a chilling pride in his assertion that Christ is not risen; that

"On his grave, with shining eyes,
The Syrian stars look down;"

an assertion which sends a shudder through the heart that has discovered for itself how false and weak is the life from which the trust in Christ is absent. To tell us that the one word from "the silent sacred land" is not "I am the resurrection and the life," but

"No one can save his brother's soul,
Nor pay his brother's debt,"

will seem to the mass of Christian men, and as we think truly seem, very like the old Alexandrian invitation to "supper

and suicide." We know that Mr. Arnold does not so understand it; that from the very bottom of his heart there comes an imperious warning "to bear rather than rejoice"—a warning which we believe to be the remains left in his soul of a Christian faith out of which all the life and joy are gone. But this is a warning which few of his readers will heed, if the charm of his poetry should unfortunately relax in many of them the strong nerve of their Christian trust. However, his poetry is no more the worse *as poetry*, for its false spiritual assumptions, than Drama is the worse, as drama, for delineating men as they seem to each other to be, and not as they really are to the eye of God. And as the poet of the soul's melancholy hauteur and plaintive benignity, as the exponent of pity for the great excess of her wants beyond her gifts and graces, as the singer at once of the spirit's hunger, of the insufficiency of the food which the intellect provides for her cravings, and yet also of her fastidious rejection of more celestial nutriment, Mr. Arnold will be read and remembered by every generation in which faith continues to be daunted by reason, and reason to seek, not without pangs of inexplicable compunction, to call in question the transcendental certainties of faith; in a word he will be read and remembered, as we said in our opening sentence, as the poet who, more than any other of his day, has embodied in his verse "the sweetness, the gravity, the strength, the beauty, and the languor of death."

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF BETH," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

THE RIVALS.

"When on the gentle Severn's sedge bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower."

"If we could only get over this one day,"—that was the burden of Tita's complaining the next morning. Arthur had been invited to breakfast, and had declined; but he was coming round to go with us to the Cathedral. Thereafter, everything to Tita's mind was chaos. She dared hardly think of what the day might bring forth. In vain I pointed out to her

that this day was but as another day; and that if any deeds of wrath or vengeance were hidden away in the vague intentions of our young friend from Twickenham, there was no particular safety gained in tiding over a single Sunday.

"At all events," says my Lady, firmly, "you cannot do anything so imprudent as press him to accompany us further on our journey."

"Cannot the phaeton hold five?"

"You know it cannot, comfortably. But that is not the question. For my own part, I don't choose to have a holiday spoilt by provoking a series of painful scenes, which I know will occur. We may manage to humour him to-day, and get him to leave us in an amiable mood; but it would be impossible to do it two days running. And I am not sure even about this one day."

"But what prevents his dropping down on us at any time—say at Shrewsbury—or Chester—or Carlisle—just as he has done here at Worcester?"

"I will."

That was enough. Having some regard for the young man, I hoped he would submit quietly. But lovers are headstrong; and jealousy, when it is thoroughly aroused, leaves no place in the mind for fear.

It was a bright morning. We could see, through the wire screens of the windows, the Worcester folks walking along the pavements, with the sunlight shining on their Sunday finery.

The Lieutenant, as we hurriedly despatched breakfast—for we were rather late—gave us his usual report.

"A very fine town," he said, addressing himself chiefly to Tita, who was always much interested in his morning rambles, "with old religious buildings, and houses with ivy, and high walls to keep back the river. There is a large race-course, too, by the river; and on the other side a fine suburb, built on a high bank, among trees. There are many pleasant walks by the Severn, when you get further down; but I will show you all the place when we go out of the Cathedral. This is a great day at the Cathedral, they say—a Chief Sheriff of the county, I think they call him, is living at this hotel, and he is going, and you see those people?—they are loitering about to see him drive away."

Even as he spoke, two resplendent creatures, in grey and gold, resembling beef-eaters toned down in colour and gilded, advanced to the archway of the

hotel, with long trumpets in their hand. These they suddenly lifted, and then down the quiet street sounded a loud *fanfare*, which was very much like those announcements that tell us, in an historical play, that the King approaches. Then a vehicle drove away from the door; the High Sheriff had gone to the Cathedral; while our breakfast was not even yet finished.

"He does not have the trumpets sounded every time he leaves the hotel?" said the Lieutenant, returning from the window. "Then why when he goes to church? Is it exceptional for a High Sheriff to go to church, that he calls attention to it with trumpets?"

At this moment, Arthur entered the room. He glanced at us all rather nervously. There was less complaisance, too, in his manner, than when we last saw him; the soothing influences of dinner had departed. He saluted us all in a somewhat cool way, and then addressed himself exclusively to my Lady. For Bell he had scarcely a word.

It is hard to say how Queen Tita managed, as we left the hotel, to attach Bell and herself to Master Arthur; but such was the result of her dexterous manoeuvres; and in this fashion we hurriedly walked along to the Cathedral. There was a great commotion visible around the splendid building. A considerable crowd had collected to see the High Sheriff; and policemen were keeping a lane for those who wished to enter. Seeing that we were late, and that the High Sheriff was sure to draw many after him, we scarcely expected to get inside; but that, at least, was vouchsafed us, and presently we found ourselves slipping quietly over the stone flooring. All the seats in the body of the building being occupied, we took up a position by one of the great pillars, and there were confronted by a scene sufficiently impressive to those of us who had been accustomed to the ministrations of a small parish church.

Far away before us rose the tall and graceful lines of the architecture, until, in the distance, they were lost in a haze of sunlight streaming in from the south—a glow of golden mist that struck upon the northern pillars, throwing up a vague reflection that showed us something of the airy region in which the lines of the great arches met. We could catch a glimpse, too, of the white-dressed choir, beyond the sombre mass of the people that filled the nave. And when the hushed, deep tones of the organ prelude had ceased to sound along the lofty aisles, there rose the dis-

tant and plaintive chanting of the boys — then the richer tones of the bass came in — and then again burst forth that clear, sweet, triumphant soprano, that seemed to be but a single voice ringing softly and distinctly through the great building. I knew what would occur then. Somehow Tita managed to slip away from us, and get into the shadow of the pillar, with her head bent down, and her hand clasped in Bell's; and the girl stood so that no one should see her friend's face, for there were tears running fast down it. It is a sad story, that has been already briefly mentioned in these memoranda. Many years ago she lost a young brother, to whom she was deeply attached. He used to sing in the choir of the village church. Now, whenever she listens to a choir singing that she cannot see, nothing will convince her that she does not hear the voice of her brother in the clear, distant music; and more than once it has happened that the uncontrollable emotions caused by this wild superstition have thoroughly unnerved her. For days after, she has been haunted by the sound of that voice as if it had brought her a message from the other world — as if she had been nearly vouchsafed a vision that had been somehow snatched away from her, leaving behind an unexplained longing and unrest. Partly on that account, and partly by reason of the weariness produced by constant standing, we were not sorry to slip out of the Cathedral when the first portion of the service was over; and so we found ourselves once more in the sweet air and the sunlight.

There was an awkward pause. Tita rather fell behind, and endeavoured to keep herself out of sight; while the other members of the party seemed uncertain as to how they should attach themselves. Fortunately, our first movement was to go round and inspect the curious remains of the old Cathedral, which are yet visible; and as these were close at hand, we started off in a promiscuous manner, and got round and under King Edgar's tower without any open rupture.

How still and quiet lay the neighbourhood of the great church on this beautiful Sunday morning! It seemed as if all the life of the place were gathered within that noble building; while out here the winds from over the meadows, and the sunlight, and the fleecy clouds overhead, were left to play about the strange old passages, and sunken arches, and massive gateways, and other relics of former centuries. The bright light that lay warm on the fresh

grass, and on the ivied walls about, lit up the flaky red surface of the old tower, and showed us the bruised effigy of King Edgar in sharp outline; while through the gloom of the archway we could see beyond the shimmering green light of a mass of elms, with their leaves moving in the sun. From thence we passed down to the river wall, where the Lieutenant read aloud the following legend inscribed near the gate: — "On the 18th of November, 1770, the Flood rose to the lower edge of this Brass Plate, being ten inches higher than the Flood which happened on December 23, 1672." And then we went through the arch, and found ourselves on the banks of the Severn, with its bridges and boats and locks, and fair green meadows, all as bright and as cheerful as sunlight could make them.

Tita and myself, I know, would at this moment have given a good deal to get away from these young folks and their affairs. What business of ours was it that there should be a "third wheel to the cart," as the Germans say? Arthur was sadly out of place; but how could we help it? My Lady having fallen rather behind as we started on our leisurely stroll along the river, Bell, the Lieutenant, and Arthur were forced to precede us. The poor girl was almost silent between them. Von Rosen was pointing out the various objects along the stream; Arthur, in no amiable mood, throwing in an occasional sarcastic comment. Then more silence. Arthur breaks away from them, and honours us with his company. Sometimes he listens to what my Lady says to him; but more often he does not, and only scowls at the two young folks in front of us. He makes irrelevant replies. There is a fierceness in his look. I think at this moment he would have been glad to have embraced Mormonism, or avowed his belief in Strauss, or done anything else desperate and wicked.

Why, it was natural to ask, should this gentle little woman by my side be vexed by these evil humours and perversities — her vexation taking the form of a profound compassion, and a desire that she could secure the happiness of all of them? The morning was a miracle of freshness. The banks of the Severn, once you leave Worcester, are singularly beautiful. Before us were islands, set amid tall river weeds, and covered with thick growths of bushes. A grey shimmering of willows came in as a line between the bold blue of the stream and the paler blue and white of the sky. Some tall poplars stood sharp

and black against the light green of the meadows behind; and far away these level and sunlit meadows stretched over to Malvern Chase and to the thin line of blue hills along the horizon. Then the various boats—a group of richly-coloured cattle in the fields—a few boys bathing under the shadow of a great bank of yellow sand—all went to make up as bright and pretty a river-picture as one could wish for. And here we were almost afraid to speak, lest an incautious word should summon up thunder-clouds and provoke an explosion.

"Have you any idea when you will reach Scotland?" says Arthur, still glaring at the Lieutenant and his companion.

"No," replies Tita; "we are in no hurry."

"Won't you get tired of it?"

"I don't think so at all. But if we do, we can stop."

"You will go through the Lake Country, of course?"

"Yes."

"It is sure to be wet there," said the young man.

"You don't give us much encouragement," says my Lady, gently.

"Oh," he replies, "if people break away from the ordinary methods of enjoying a holiday, of course they must take their chance. In Scotland you are sure to have bad weather. It always rains there."

Arthur was determined that we should look upon the future stages of our journey with the most agreeable anticipations.

"Then," he says, "suppose your horses break down?"

"They won't," says Tita, with a smile. "They know they are going to the land of oats. They will be in excellent spirits all the way."

Master Arthur went on to add—

"I have always found that the worst of driving about with people was that it threw you so completely on the society of certain persons; and you are bound to quarrel with them."

"That has not been *our* experience," says my Lady, with that gracious manner of hers which means much.

Of course she would not admit that her playful skirmishes with the person whom, above all others, she ought to respect, could be regarded as real quarrels. But at this point the Lieutenant lingered for a moment to ask my Lady a question; and as Bell also stopped and turned, Tita says to him, with an air of infinite amusement—

"We have not quarrelled yet, Count von Rosen?"

"I hope not, Madame," says our Uhlan, respectfully.

"Because," she continued, with a little laugh, "Arthur thinks we are sure to disagree, merely on account of our being thrown so much into each other's company."

"I think quite the opposite will be the result of our society," says the Lieutenant.

"Of course I did not refer particularly to you," said Arthur, coldly. "There are some men so happily constituted that it is of no consequence to them how they are regarded by their companions. Of course they are always well satisfied."

"And it is a very good thing to be well satisfied," says the Lieutenant, cheerfully enough, "and much better than to be ill satisfied and of much trouble to your friends. I think, sir, when you are as old as I, and have been over the world as much, you will think more of the men who are well satisfied."

"I hope my experience of the world," says Arthur, with a certain determination in his tone, "will not be gained by receiving pay to be sent to invade a foreign country——"

"Oh, Count von Rosen," says Bell, to call his attention.

"Mademoiselle!" he says, turning instantly towards her, although he had heard every word of Arthur's speech.

"Can you tell me the German name of that tall pink flower close down by the edge of the water?"

And so they walked on once more; and we got further away from the city—with its mass of slates and spires getting faint in the haze of the sunlight—and into the still greenness of the country, where the path by the river-side lay through deep meadows.

It was hard, after all. He had come from London to get speech of his sweetheart, and he found her walking through green meadows with somebody else. No mortal man—and least of all a young fellow not confident of his own position, and inclined to be rather nervous and anxious—could suffer this with equanimity; but then it was a question how far it was his own fault.

"Why don't you go and talk to Bell?" says my Lady to him, in a low voice.

"Oh, I don't care to thrust my society on anyone," he says aloud, with an assumption of indifference. "There are people who do not know the difference between an old friendship and a new acquaintance—I do not seek to interfere with their tastes. But of course there is a meaning

in everything. What are those lines of Pope's —

"O say, what stranger cause, yet unexplored,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?"

I should not attempt to cure a woman of her instinctive liking for a title."

Tita placed her hand on his arm. After all, this excited young man was an old friend of hers; and it seemed a pity to see him thus determined to ruin his own cause. But the light talking he heard in front seemed to say that the "gentle belle" had not overheard that pretty speech and its interesting quotation.

At length, coming to a sudden bend in the river, the Lieutenant and his companion proposed that we should rest for a while; and accordingly we chose out comfortable seats on the steep green bank, covered by bushes and trees, which here slopes down to the stream. The picture that lay before and around us was sufficient to have calmed the various moods and passions of these young folks, if they had but had eyes for anything but their own affairs. Bell was the only one who paid attention to the world of bright colours that lay around. The Lieutenant — imperturbable, easy in manner, and very attentive to her — was nevertheless obviously on the watch, and certain to resent any remark that might by chance miss him and glance by towards her. Certainly, these were not comfortable conditions for a pleasant walk. Tita afterwards declared that she was calculating with satisfaction that she had already got through several hours of that terrible day.

The sun was shining far away on the blue Malvern hills. Along the level meadows the lines of pollard willows were grey and silvery in the breezy light. Close at hand the rich masses of green were broken by the red sandstone bank opposite; while the tall trees above sent straggling duplicates of themselves — coloured in deep chocolate-brown — down into the lazy stream that flowed beneath us. And as we sat there and listened for the first ominous observation of one or another of these young folks, lo! there glided into the clear white and blue channel of the river a gaily-bedizened barge that gleamed and glittered in the sunlight and sent quivering lines of colour down into the water. The horse came slowly along the road. The long rope rustled over the brushwood on the bank, and splashed on the surface of the stream. The orange and scarlet bands of the barge stole away up and through that world of soft greenness that

lay under the shadow of the opposite bank; and then the horse, and rope, and driver turned the corner of a field, and we saw them no more.

The appearance of the barge had provoked attention, and secured silence. When it was gone the Lieutenant turned carelessly to Arthur, and said —

"Do you go back to London to-morrow?"

"I don't know," said the young man, gloomily.

"It is such a pity you can't come with us, Arthur," says Bell, very gently, as if begging for a civil reply.

"I have no doubt you will enjoy yourselves very well," he replies, with a certain coldness in his tone.

"We have hitherto," she says, looking down; "the weather has been so good — and — and the scenery was so pleasant — and — and —"

It was Arthur himself, singularly enough, who came to the rescue, little knowing that he was affording her such relief.

"I don't think you have chosen the right road," he remarked. "The real reminiscences of the old stage-coach days you will find on the York and Berwick road to Scotland. I never heard of anyone going to Scotland this way."

"Why," says one of the party, with a laugh that seemed to startle the silence around, "that is the very reason we chose it."

"I have been thinking for some time," he says coldly, "of getting a dog-cart and driving up the old route to Scotland."

The heavens did not fall on him. Queen Tita looked at the tips of her gloves, and said nothing; but Bell, having less of scepticism about her, immediately cried out —

"Oh, Arthur, don't do that, it will be dreadfully wretched for you going away on such an excursion by yourself."

But the young man saw that his proposal — I will swear it had never entered his brain before that very minute — had produced an effect; and treated it as a definite resolve.

"At least, if you are going, you might as well come with us, or meet us further on, where the roads join," says Bell.

"No, I am not so mad as to go your way," he replied, with an air of disdain. "I shall keep out of the rainy districts, and I mean to go where one can find traces of the old times still hanging about."

"And pray," I venture to ask him, "are all the old inns confined to one part of this unfortunate country? And were there no ways of getting to Scotland but

by York and Berwick? Why, over the whole country there is a network of routes along which stage-coaches used to run. And if you should be tired of driving alone, you can do no better than strike across country from York by the old coach-road that comes on to Penrith, and so go up with us through Carlisle and Moffat on to Edinburgh."

"I am not so sure that I shall go alone," he said, quite fiercely.

What did the boy mean? Was he going to drive a white elephant about the country?

"Do you know much of the management of horses?" says the Lieutenant, meaning no harm whatever.

"Arthur is in the volunteer artillery, — the field artillery, do they call it? — and of course he has to manage horses," explains my Lady.

"Oh, you are a volunteer?" said the Lieutenant with quite an accession of interest. "That is a very good thing. I think all the young men of this country would do much good to their health and their knowledge by being volunteers and serving a time of military service."

"But we don't like compulsion here," says Arthur, bluntly.

"That," retorts the Lieutenant, with a laugh, "is why you are at present a very ill-educated country."

"At all events," says Arthur, rather hotly, "we are educated well enough to have thrown aside the old superstitions of feudalism and divine right; and we are too well educated to suffer a despotic government and a privileged aristocracy to have it all their own way."

"Oh, you do talk of Prussia," said the Count. "Well, we are not perfect in Prussia. We have many things to learn and to do, that we might have done if we had been preserved round about by the sea, like you. But I think we have done very well for all that: and if we have a despotic government, which I do not think, it is perhaps because what is good for England is not always good for every other country; and if we have an aristocracy, they work for the country just like the sons of the peasants, when they go into the army, and get small pay, instead of going abroad like your aristocracy, and gambling away their fortunes to the Jews and the horse-dealers, and getting into debt and making very much fools of themselves."

"When we of this country," says Arthur, proudly "see the necessity of military preparations, we join the ranks of a body that accepts no pay, but is none

the less qualified to fight when that is wanted."

"Oh, I do say nothing against your volunteers. No, on the contrary, I think it is an excellent thing for the young men. And it would be better if the service was continuous for one, two, three years — and they go away into barrack life — and have much drill and exercise in the open air, and make the young men of the cities hardy and strong. That would be a very good army then, I think; for when the men are intelligent and educated, they have less chance of panic — which is the worst that can happen in a battle — and they will not skulk away, or lose their courage, because they have so much self-respect. But I do not know whether this is safer — to have the more ignorant men of the peasantry and country people who will take their drill like machines and go through it all, and continue firing in great danger, because they are like machines. Now, if you had your towns fighting against the country, and if you had your town volunteers and your country regiments with the same amount of instruction, I think the country troops would win, although each man might not have as much patriotism and education and self-respect as in the town soldiers. Because the country troops would march long distances — and would not be hurt much by rain or the sleeping out at night — and they would go through their duties like machines when the fight commenced. But your city volunteers — they have not yet got anything like the training of your regular troops that come from the country villages and towns."

"I know this," says Arthur, "that if there was to be an invasion of this country by Prussia, a regiment of our city volunteers would not be afraid to meet a regiment of your professional soldiers, however countrified and mechanical they may be —"

"Ah, but that is a great mistake you make," says the Lieutenant, taking no notice of the challenge; "our soldiers are not of any single class — they are from all classes, from all towns, and villages, and cities alike — much more like your volunteers than your regular soldiers, only that they have some more drill and experience than your volunteers. And what do you say of an invasion? I have heard some people talk of that nonsense — but only in England. Is it that you are afraid of invasion that you imagine these foolish things, and talk so much of it?"

"No, we are not afraid of it —" says

Arthur, evidently casting about for some biting epigram.

"Yet no one in all Europe speaks or thinks of such a thing but a few of your people here, who give great amusement to us at home."

"There would be amusement of another sort going," says Arthur, getting a little red.

And just at this instant, before he has time to finish the sentence, Tita utters a little scream. A stone has splashed into the stream beneath us. The author of the menace is unknown — being probably one of a gang of young rascals hidden behind the bushes on the other side of the river — but it is certainly not anger that dwells in my Lady's bosom with regard to that concealed enemy. He has afforded her relief at a most critical moment; and now she prevents Arthur returning to the subject by proposing that we should walk back to Worcester; her suggestion being fully understood to be a command.

We set out. The Lieutenant wilfully separates himself from Bell. He joins us elderly folks on the pretence of being much interested in this question of volunteer service — and Bell and Arthur are perforce thrown together. They walk on in front of us, in rather an embarrassed way. Bell's looks are cast down; Arthur speaks in a loud voice, to let us know that he is only talking about the most commonplace affairs. But at the first stile we go through, they manage to fall behind; and when, at intervals, we turn to see how the river and the meadows and the groves of trees look in the sunshine, we find the distance between us and the young couple gradually increasing, until they are but two almost undistinguishable figures pacing along the banks of the broad stream.

"Well, we have got so far over the day!" said my Lady, with a sigh. "But I suppose we must ask him to dine with us."

"Is it necessary, Madame?" says the Lieutenant. "But perhaps you might ask him to bring better manners with him."

"I am afraid he has been very rude to you," said Tita, with some show of compunction.

"To me? No. That is not of any consequence whatever, but I did think that all this pleasant walk has been spoiled to Mademoiselle and yourself by — by what shall I say? — not rudeness, but a fear of rudeness. And yet, what reason is there for it?"

"I don't know," was the reply, uttered

in rather a low voice. "But I hope Bell is not being annoyed by him now."

You see, that was the way in which they had got to regard this unfortunate youth — as a sort of necessary evil, which was to be accepted with such equanimity as Heaven had granted to the various sufferers. It never occurred to them to look at the matter from Arthur's point of view, or to reflect that there was probably no more wretched creature in the whole of England than he was during this memorable Sunday.

Consider how he spent the day. It was the one day on which he would have the chance of seeing Bell for an unknown period. He comes round in the morning to find her sitting at breakfast with his rival. He accompanies them on a walk into the country; finds himself "the third wheel to the cart," and falls behind to enjoy the spectacle of seeing her walk by the side of this other man, talking to him, and sharing with him the beautiful sights and sounds around. Ye who have been transfixed by the red-hot skewers of jealousy, think of the torture which this wretched young man suffered on this quiet Sunday morning. Then as he walks home with her, he finds her, as we afterwards learn, annoyed about certain remarks of his. He explains in a somewhat saucy manner, and makes matters worse. Then he takes to reproaches, and bids her reflect on what people will say; and here again he goes from one blunder to another in talking in such a fashion to a proud and high-spirited girl, who cannot suffer herself to be suspected. In his blindness of anger and jealousy, he endeavours to asperse the character of the Lieutenant — he is like other officers — everyone knows what the Prussian officers, in general, are — what is the meaning of this thing, and the dark suspicion suggested by that? To all of these representations Bell replies with some little natural warmth. He is driven wild by her defence of his rival. He declares that he knows something about the Lieutenant's reputation — and then she, probably with a little paleness in her face, stands still, and asks him calmly to say what it is. He will not. He is not going to carry tales. Only, when an English lady has so little care of what people may say as to accept this foreign adventurer as her companion during a long journey —

That was all that Bell subsequently told Tita. The boy was obviously mad and reckless, but none the less he had wrought such mischief as he little dreamed of in uttering these wild complaints and

suspensions. When we got back to the hotel, he and Bell had overtaken us, and they had the appearance of not being on the best of terms. In fact, they had maintained silence for the last quarter of an hour of the walk.

My Lady asked Arthur to dine with us at seven; so that during the interval he was practically dismissed. Seven came, and Arthur appeared. He was in evening dress; conveying a rebuke to uncouth people like ourselves, who were in our ordinary travelling costume. But Bell's seat was vacant. After we had waited a few minutes Queen Tita went to inquire for her, and in a few minutes returned.

"Bell is very sorry, but she has a headache, and would rather not come down to dinner."

Arthur looked up with an alarmed face; the Lieutenant scowled; and Tita, taking her seat, said she was afraid we had walked too far in the morning. Strange. If you had seen our Bell walking lightly up to the top of Box-hill and running down again—just by way of amusement before lunch—you would not have expected that a short walk of a mile or two along a level river-course would have had such an effect. But so it was; and we had dinner before us.

It was not an enlivening meal; and the less said about it the better. Arthur talked much of his driving to Scotland in a dog-cart, and magnified the advantages of the York route over that we were now following. It is quite certain that he had never thought of such a thing before that morning; but the attention that had been drawn to it, and the manner in which he had been led to boast of it, promised actually to commit him to this piece of folly. The mere suggestion of it had occurred at the impulse of a momentary vexation; but the more he talked of it, the more he pledged himself to carry out his preposterous scheme. Tita heard and wondered, scarcely believing; but I could see plainly that the young man was determined to fulfil his promise if only by way of triumphant bravado, to show his independence of us, and perhaps inspire Bell with envy and regret.

When he left that night, something was said about his coming to see us away on the following morning. Tita had shown her usual consideration in not referring at all to our drive of the next day, which she understood was to be through the most charming scenery. And when, that same

night, she expressed a vague desire that we might slip away on the next morning before Arthur had come, it was with no thought of carrying such a plan into execution. Perhaps she thought with some pity of the young man who, after seeing us drive away again into the country, and the sweet air, and the sunlight, would return disconsolately to his dingy rooms in the Temple, there to think of his absent sweetheart, or else to meditate that wild journey along a parallel line which was to show her that he, too, had his enjoyments.

[Note.—I find that the remarks which Queen Tita appended to the foregoing pages when they were written, have since been torn off; and I can guess the reason. A few days ago I received a letter, sent under cover to the publishers, which bore the address of that portion of the country familiarly called "the Dukeries." It was written in a feminine hand, and signed with a family name which has some historical pretensions. Now these were the observations which this silly person in high places had to communicate:—*Sir, I hope you will forgive my intruding myself upon you in this way; but I am anxious to know whether you really do think, living with such a woman as your wife is represented to be, is really a matter for gallantry and amusement. My object in writing to you is to say that, if you can treat lightly the fact of a wife being waspish at every turn, cuffing her boys' ears, and talking of skipping, it would have been better not to have made your extraordinary complaisance public; for what is to prevent the most ill-tempered woman pointing to these pages, and saying that that is how a reasonable husband would deal with her? If it is your misfortune to have an ill-tempered wife, you ought not to try to persuade people that you are rather proud of it. Pray forgive my writing thus frankly to you; and I am, sir, your obedient servant.* — — —" By a great mischance I left this letter lying open on the breakfast-table; and Tita, coming in, and being attracted by the crest in gold and colours on the paper, took it up. With some dismay, I watched her read it. She laid it down—stood irresolute for a moment, with her lips getting rather tremulous—then she suddenly fled into the haven, she had often sought before, and looking up with the clear brown eyes showing themselves frightened and pained, like those of some dumb creature struck to the heart, she said, "Is it true? Am I really ill-tempered? Do I really vex you very much?" You may be sure that elderly lady up in Nottinghamshire had an evil quarter of an hour of it when we proceeded to discuss the question, and when Queen Tita had been pacified and reassured. "But we ought to have known," she said. "Count von Rosen warned us that stupid persons would make the mistake. And to say that I cuffed my boys' ears! Why, you know that even in the *Magazine* it says that I cuffed the boys and kissed them at the same time—of course, in fun—and I threatened to whip the whole house—of course, in fun, you know, when everybody was in good spirits about going away—and now that wicked old woman would make me out an unnatural mother, and a bad wife, and I don't know what! I—I—I will get Bell to draw a portrait of her, and put it in an exhibition—that would serve her right!" And forthwith she sat down and wrote to the two boys at Twickenham, promising them I know not what luxuries and extravagances when they came home for the Easter holidays. But she is offended with the public, all through that gabbling old lady in Notts; and will have no more communication with it, at least for the present.]

From The Spectator.

A MODERN FRENCH GNOSTIC.

It is not easy to conceive a more curious moral phenomenon than that of a Frenchman deeply read in the popular aspects at least of modern science, and especially of modern inductive science, but reproducing, nevertheless, out of the very materials that he has thus collected, some of the most characteristic features of the ancient Gnosis. M. Figuier has distinguished himself by popularizing the most interesting aspects of the astronomy and natural history of our day, in books which have been translated into English and have been found full of vivacity. But he has now passed out of that domain into the region of what we may call a bastard gnosis, that is, into transcendental dreams of things divine, not evolved pure out of his personal consciousness of the Infinite, but evolved out of a consciousness which gazes at the Infinite through the coloured glass of an imagination imbued with the lessons of modern physical science. The result is curiously grotesque. You have the revelations of the telescope and the microscope predominating, in the slides of the strangest of moral magic-lanterns, over the mystic dreams of a modernized Valentinus or Basilides. You have the doctrine of metempsychosis and an antenatal existence in quaint alliance with the doctrine of the correlation of forces and the indestructibility of matter. You have the funniest possible cross between the Darwinian theory of evolution and the Gnostic theory of successive emanations from the divine fullness. You have the modernest possible discussions on "the plurality of worlds" mixed up with the ancientest possible discussions on the metempsychosis of the souls of animals and human beings and their repeated reincarnations. Finally, you have physical theories of the sun and the heat it engenders, arrayed for the purpose of explaining a new doctrine of angelic ministration, and the astronomic theorem that all the stellar worlds move round some central point in space, brought up for the sake of illustrating what we may with reverence call a physical theory of God. It is impossible to imagine a book fuller of strange spiritual, moral, and logical medleys than M. Figuier's, of which Mr. Bentley* has given us what, if we may judge without examining the French, is

an exceedingly lively, pure, and classical translation;—though not of course without a few of the inevitable typographical and a few scientific blunders, the latter probably due to carelessness in the original, of which we give below a few specimens.*

The oddity of the phenomenon consists in the curious influence which modern science has exerted, and the still more curious influence which it has failed to exert, over this modern Gnostic's mind. It has saturated his imagination, and not affected his intellectual method of testing truth at all. It has coloured all his visions and not made it a whit the less easy to him to lend belief to the merest dreams. It has apparently weaned him from all confidence in dogmatic authority,—except his own, but not rendered it even difficult to him to believe ardently on a mere guess, or to exult in the grandeur of an elaborate system of which no two links hold together against the feeblest of intellectual tests. If we had not read M. Figuier's book, we should have deemed it simply incredible that modern science could crowd any man's mind with pictures without even visibly affecting its logic. Indeed, so frail and even fanciful is the thread between M. Figuier's knowledge of the physical world and his dreams of the supersensual world, that, but for the Introduction, which it is impossible to read without recognizing that a serious and satisfying belief fills the author's mind, of which he would gladly share the comfort with others, we should have said that he had been trying very hard to find a new and attractive mode of airing his knowledge of physical science, and that he had made the religious doubts and difficulties of the day, and the tendency that Doubt has to trust in physical science as the only solid basis of truth, the excuse for a new book of great pretence and no value. However, as we have said, the seriousness of M. Figuier's purpose cannot be questioned, and therefore there is a real interest in observing the strange mixture which his mind presents of the wild guesswork which springs from unsatisfied spiritual craving, and the pictorial scenery of modern naturalism.

M. Figuier is very severe on the modern

* *The Day after Death; or, Our Future Life, according to Science.* Translated from the French of Louis Figuier, and illustrated by Astronomical Plates. London: Bentley.

* As where plants are talked of as "aspiring" liquids (p. 164, line 5), or where "birth" is written probably for "bulk" (p. 113, line 3), or the planet Jupiter is spoken of (p. 187, last line) as revolving on its axis in twelve hours, and having "a day and night respectively only ten hours long."—the fact being that it revolves in ten hours, and has a day and night respectively five hours long.

spiritualists,—believers in “mediums,” and so forth,—but they at least rest their belief on what they assert to be facts within their own experience, and allow their illusions to spring, if they be all illusions, only from the defects of their senses and the haste and credulousness of their inductions. But M. Figuiet himself resembles the old Gnostics in nothing so much as this, that he not only asks for no fact *at all* on which to build belief except its agreeableness to his own inner sense of what is divine, but even if he finds a lot of strongly asserted but questionable facts which would just fit his view, he rejects them with as much scorn as if the truth of his speculations were rather undermined than established by any show of facts to support it, especially if they be of a kind that makes no pretence to dignity or impressiveness. For instance, one of his beliefs is that tolerably good men when they die rise into the ether of the interstellar spaces above our atmosphere, putting on a more refined body better adapted to a superhuman nature, and getting nearer and nearer to the sun as they get purer and purer,—while bad men, or children who die too young for the purifying results of human trial and suffering, are re-incarnated in other human bodies, and have another try at human probation. Now we should certainly have expected any man who calmly stated his complete belief in this assertion, to found himself on the ghost-stories of old days and the spiritualist assertions of modern times. But no; he cannot adequately express his contempt for such stories. He rejects the ghost peremptorily. He declares that the medium is an ignorant person who mistakes his own thoughts for revelations from beyond the tomb. Spiritualism, he says, “is a vulgar and foolish phase of the popular belief in ghosts. It has higher pretensions, but science and sense alike forbid us to admit them.” (p. 124.) But not the less “the fact of communication between superhuman beings and the dwellers upon earth” is, as it seems to him, “proved.” However, as it is not proved by revelation, to which M. Figuiet never appeals, except as to a sublime rendering of some of the ideas of natural religion, we naturally ask how it is “proved,” and why, if it is proved, he rejects so scornfully statements which seem in keeping with the “proof.” The answer is that it is proved solely by its seeming suitable to M. Figuiet,—to which he subsequently adds some very faint and dim kind of confirmation from the phenomena of dreams,

dreams seeming to M. Figuiet phenomena more ideal and less repulsive than the other superstitions which he rejects. In short, the existence of myriads of superhuman beings in the interplanetary and interstellar spaces is proved by the mere fact that M. Figuiet has so represented it to his own imagination, and found that representation to be good. A still more amazing gnosis of the same kind is his theory of the solar essence. Having shown that astronomy and physical science have as yet failed to account satisfactorily for the enormous and, as far as we know, undiminished heat of the sun, he goes on:—

“There, where science places nothing, we venture to place something. In our belief solar radiation is maintained by the continuous, unbroken succession of souls, in the sun. These pure and burning spirits are perpetually replacing the emanations perpetually sent through space by the sun, to the globes which surround him. Thus we complete that uninterrupted circle of which we have previously spoken, which binds together all the creatures of nature by the links of a common chain, and attaches the visible to the invisible world. We may venture to put forward this explanation of the maintenance of solar radiation with some confidence, since science can give us no exact information upon the point, and philosophy in this case only fills up the void left by astronomy and physics. In short, the sun, the centre of the planetary aggregation, the constant source of light and heat, which sends forth motion, sensation, and life upon the earth, is, in our belief, the final sojourn of purified perfected souls, which have attained their most exquisite subtlety. They are entirely devoid of material alloy, they are pure spirits who dwell in the midst of the blazing atmosphere and the burning masses which compose the sun. That star, whose size far surpasses the bulk of all the others put together, is sufficiently vast to contain them.”

Is it possible to conceive anything stranger than this bastard gnosis of modern days? The sun is not yet accounted for by physical science, *therefore*, “with some confidence,” we may say it is due to “pure souls”! If M. Figuiet had said, that as the chemical law of combining proportions is still unaccounted for, he might “with some confidence” ascribe it to the songs of the angels, we should have been neither more nor less surprised. As we know very little of pure soul, we certainly can’t say that it is *not* a constant source of heat; but certainly we should expect, if it were so, that we could detect the purity even of an embodied soul by the thermometer, and trace its purgatorial progress by the ingenious little self-registering contrivance which

records a maximum. As M. Figuiér never even suggests this confirmation of his theory, we conclude that we are right in saying that, like the Gnostics, he finds pure truth on these subjects only through his own arbitrary intellectual decrees;—but it does a little puzzle, instead of help us, to find these arbitrary decrees so strongly coloured by the pictorial efforts of modern science. The following passage really exhibits the genesis of speculative opinion in M. Figuiér's mind:—

"It seems to us that the human soul, in order to rise to the ethereal spaces, needs to have acquired that last degree of perfection which sets it free from every besetting weight; that it must be subtle, light, purified, beautiful, and that only under such conditions can it quit the earth, and soar towards the heavens. To our fancy, the human soul is like a celestial *aérostat*, who flies towards the sublimest heights with swift strength, because it is free from all impurity. But the soul of a perverse, wicked, vile, gross, base, cowardly man has not been purified, perfected, or lightened. It is weighed down by evil passions and gross appetites, which he has not sought to repress, but has, on the contrary, cultivated. It cannot rise to the celestial heights, it is constrained to dwell upon our melancholy and miserable earth. We believe that the wicked and impenitent man is not called to the immediate enjoyment of the blessed life of the ethereal regions. His soul remains here below, to recommence life a second time."

That is, because we name a wicked man's nature "gross," and a good man's fine and spiritual, M. Figuiér infers that the latter is a sort of inflated balloon, and the former a mere clod of earth. But we also call passionate men hot, and self-controlled men cool. Why does not M. Figuiér argue from that, that it is the passionate man's soul that is in the sun,—the source of heat,—and that it is the spiritual man who cools the atmosphere for us, and feeds the pure fountain of refreshment. There is just as much and just as little to say for the one as the other. Indeed, if he had said that the heat of the sun was caused by the agony of extinguished hopes and smothered faculties, in the Hell of condemned souls, he would have had a more plausible case in popular opinion than he now has. M. Figuiér dreams and believes one thing to-day; there is no reason at all why he should not dream and believe another thing to-morrow. With him the fundamental maxim of philosophy is, "*I dream, therefore, it is.*"

The method or unmethod of M. Figuiér finds its apotheosis in the magnificent climax of his gnosis as to,—we hardly like to

write it,—the *whereabouts* of God. How is it intelligible that a man who had conceived either God or the subjects of physical science, should be able to localize the Divine person, and identify it with the central focus of force in a Newtonian universe?—

"The absolute fixity of the sun and the stars was an astronomical principle, which, in the time of Newton, appeared to be indubitable. But science never stands still. Observations made in the present century have proved that the fixity, the immobility of the sun is only relative. The truth is that the sun, and with him the entire system of planets, asteroids, satellites, and comets, which he carries in his train, change their places, very slightly, no doubt, but still appreciably. Our sun appears to advance slowly, with all the planetary family, towards that part of the sky in which the constellation of *Hercules* is situated, at the rate of 62,000,000 of leagues each year, or two leagues each second, describing an orbit which comprehends millions of centuries. That which is the case with our sun is equally the case with the other suns, that is to say, the stars. This general motion of translation must be common to all the stellar systems, and it is indubitable that the countless millions of solar systems suspended in infinite space are moving more or less quickly towards an unknown point in the sky. Now, there is nothing to forbid the supposition that all these circles or ellipses traced by myriads of solar systems have a common centre of attraction, towards which our system and all the others gravitate. Thus, all these celestial bodies, without exception, all this ant-hill of worlds which we have enumerated, may be turning round one point, one centre of attraction. What forbids us to believe that God dwells at this centre of attraction for all the worlds which fill infinite spaces?"

What should *forbid* us indeed, except that *finding a place* for God is destroying the very meaning of the word?

That M. Figuiér's mind is not by any means a scientific one in any sense whatever,—though his mind is full of the pictures with which modern science has familiarized us,—there are abundant proofs in this strange book. He argues, for instance, from the hydrogen cyclones visible in the sun, that the "ether" of the interstellar spaces must be hydrogen,—a conclusion which a good chemist would make great fun of. Indeed, he does not even seem to see that where there is *burning* hydrogen, there must be oxygen also, to support the combustion, and, therefore, if the hydrogen cyclones suggest hydrogen in the interstellar spaces, they suggest it no more than they suggest oxygen also. His psychology and theology are just as random and un-

scientific. The interest of his book lies in the extraordinary exhibition it gives us of a mind saturated with the details of science, and yet as independent of its only trustworthy method as if its discoveries were mere accidental visions, preternaturally presented on the field of some really *magic* lanthorn. He speaks of God, and his mind is full of mere notions of force and origin. He speaks of laws of nature, and his mind is full of pretty pictures that have pleased his fancy, and by that means alone given him the idea that they are true. He is like an intelligent child putting a number of kaleidoscope fragments together in the forms that please him most, and fancying that because they please him so, they must have pleased the Creator too. It is a strange lesson on the capacity of man not only to learn, but to be deeply impressed by facts without having the faintest suspicion of their drift, their true meaning. M. Figuiet is as much at home in recasting the laws of nature at his pleasure, as he would be if modern science had never existed; and yet, though it is not modern science, but some painful doubts about immortality which have impelled him to his present task, it is modern science which has furnished him with all his materials. Comte gives us a Catholic Church minus God, and M. Figuiet a scientific picture of theology minus both the scientific and theologic spirit. We suspect that Method will never take its true place in human study till we have admitted frankly to ourselves that the method of the inductive and the method of the psychological and theological, sciences is not and cannot be the same; and that both alike require the most rigid and earnest study.

From The Economist.

THE POSITION OF THE GOVERNMENT.

SOME of our contemporaries think that the present Government is about to fall, but we believe that they think so upon very insufficient grounds. The first question in all such cases is — does the selecting assembly, does the House of Commons, wish to change the Government? On the contrary, as we believe, upon the best information we can obtain, it wishes not to change it. Any such change means a dissolution. If the Conservatives take office they must dissolve as soon as possible; they could not hope to retain office in the present Parliament in the face of a Liberal majority — a nominal majority at

any rate — of a hundred. They might come in by some strange event even with such a Parliament, but they could not stay in with it. And scarcely any Liberal member wants to see his constituencies just now. The Education Bill has offended the dissenters; the Licensing Bill of last year has offended the beersellers; many parts of the policy of the Government, especially its policy as to expenditure, have alienated the old Radicals; it has no longer as much hold on the newer and more extreme Radicals, for they often think, and sometimes say that they have got all out of Mr. Gladstone that he is likely to give them — therefore they do not much care about him any more. When the constituencies are in this state no Liberal member can desire an immediate election.

Nor do the Conservatives particularly wish for it either. Lord Derby and the strongest heads of the party are understood not to wish for it at once. They could not now plainly come in to be strong, and after the three last experiences may not wish again to come in to be weak. And if many Liberals are not well satisfied with Mr. Gladstone, at least as many Conservatives at heart are as dissatisfied with Mr. Disraeli. Before they assist in turning out this Government, they would like to know what is to be its successor. Is it to be a really Conservative Government, or like the Government of 1867, a disguised Radical Government? Is it to be a Government of Lord Derby or a Government of Mr. Disraeli? Till they know this, Conservatives would as soon not vote for a change of Government.

Such are the motives which act on the two political parties in Parliament as parties, but there is another influence which acts — at least acts a little — on many members of Parliament, without respect to party. They will be heavily *finet* if they change the Government; that change will, as we have seen, compel a dissolution, and the average cost of a member's seat cannot be put under 2,000*l*. In many cases it is three or four times as much. Of course, if there were a national call for a change of Government, or for a dissolution, these little cobwebs of self-interest would soon be swept away. At a great crisis members of Parliament dare not think of them; the majority do not wish to think of them; almost the whole of Parliament is obliged to act as the nation requires it to act. If, for example, the Government had conceded to the United States Government the indirect claims, nothing could have prolonged

its existence; the national anger would have swept it away. But it has not done so, will not do so, and (whatever other faults it may have committed), has never thought of doing so. There is no national excitement of any kind, and in such cases members of Parliament do think of their purses, though they will never say so. So long as there is no pressing question requiring them to turn out the Government, it is almost certain that they will not turn it out.

Some other persons who expect Mr. Gladstone's Government to fall, put it upon a different ground; they say that the Cabinet wish to go out, and therefore look that it will do so. But few Administrations have resigned office of free will. It is quite true that high office is not in the least the elysium which distant observers imagine it. It causes great labour; it causes great anxiety; it causes a most constant and painful pressure on the nerves. Unless a man can bear to read every morning every nasty thing that can be said of him, he will die of vexation. But painful as the eminence is, few have ever voluntarily descended from it. A conscientious man will not, for he has begun policies and incurred responsibilities which it would be wrong to leave half finished; an ambitious man will not, for he prefers place and power to ease and impotence; a common sensible man will not, for he will remember the advice of the old Chancellor—"Never resign, for if you do, the Lord Almighty only knows when you will get in again." Even if we should hear every individual member of the Cabinet say he loathed the treadmill of office, we should expect the whole Cabinet, after united deliberation, to decide to remain upon it.

The country, as we have said, by no means desires to change its Government; on the contrary, we believe that it desires to retain the present one, and would be both vexed and puzzled if it resigned. No doubt there is a considerable change of feeling since the last election. The country had then a sort of love affair with Mr. Gladstone; it expected from him as much, and as much that was inconsistent, as a girl of seventeen ever expected from her first admirer. Not only no single statesman, but no twenty statesmen, could perform what the country then expected; and seeing that all possible miracles have not come, many wilder admirers are vexed and impatient. Besides this, what has been known for years in Parliament, Mr. Gladstone is a man of great gifts and small defects, and when there is

only commonplace work to do, he cannot show the genius which is suited to the highest occasions, but is very likely to show the little defects which any occasion may excite and is enough for. In Parliament and in the conduct of petty business these defects cause a dissatisfaction and an anger altogether disproportioned to their real importance. All this has gradually become known to the country during the last two years, and to that extent Mr. Gladstone's national position has changed; but there is nothing to prove more than this, or that Englishmen at large wish to remove him from the Treasury, and choose some one else.

There is undoubtedly a reaction against the most extreme opinions. Sir Charles Dilke and Professor Fawcett have undoubtedly succeeded in making not only themselves but their tenets most unpopular. There is no more chance of a Government which is to govern in their spirit, than of one which is to govern in that of Mr. Newdegate. The English people would not endure either. The only possible Government now, as we lately showed at length, is a government, as the French say, of the Centre—a Government, that is, which mainly governs in the spirit of the element common to both parties, of the moderate men who, on whichever side of the House, do not much differ on the vast bulk of questions one from another. It is the Government which shall best satisfy this "common element" in Parliament and in the country that will rule us for the next few years. But it has yet to be shown that Mr. Gladstone's is not that Government. Many months and many events must pass before that is determined.

We have purposely discussed the general aspect of the political position, and said little of the minor events which have been so much in men's mouths, and which have, for the most part, been enough discussed. There is undoubtedly, as we have explained, a great desire in Parliament not to turn out the Government, but to annoy the Government. Mr. Gladstone has, from certain peculiarities, displeased very many people, and very many of them are trying in requital to displease him. Mr. Fawcett, who is always convinced "that he does well to be angry," incessantly tries to thwart, and is not always unsuccessful. On the last occasion the Government overcame him in a manner which we regret exceedingly. An article, evidently of official origin (though Mr. Gladstone had no connection with it), appeared in the *Daily News*, saying that the vote which Mr. Fawcett de-

sired would be taken by the Cabinet as a vote of want of confidence. The surprise it created was very great. No one expected such a notification, and scarcely anyone could see the reason of it. And on careful examination such "inspirations" appear to be exceedingly bad. They are like anonymous letters, of which we believe we know the author, but which we have no means of fastening upon him. They are bad bases for argument, for in some cases they may be quite right, and in others they may be all wrong; sometimes the "inspiration" will contain a blunder; sometimes it will tell us a truth. The House of Commons too naturally wishes to hear its own leaders tell itself with their own voice what they do, and what they do not, intend. And the effect on the newspapers is the worst of all.

Such official communications must augment the sale of a newspaper. Most people care much more to hear what the Government is going to do, than to know what their newspaper thinks. If official secrets of the first magnitude are to be scattered over the newspapers, they will not improve the quality. In the long run editors will look most for that which pays best, and it will be a great misfortune if they are tempted to rely on a mere supplication for official confidences, instead of on independent information and impartial argument.

Still this is but a single error on the part of the Government, or rather of some member of it, and it does not seriously lessen the stability of the Administration, or impair the reasons which we have assigned for believing in its stability.

THE RUINS OF ZIMBAOE IN SOUTH AFRICA. — On September 5, 1871, the South African explorer Carl Mauch visited the ruins of an ancient and mysterious city in the highland between the Zambezi and Limpopo rivers, long known by native report to the Portuguese, and situated in a land which from its gold and ivory has long been identified by some authorities as the Ophir of Scripture. Letters describing the ruins are published in the *Mittheilungen*. Zimbaoe lies in about lat. 20° 14' S. long. 31° 48' E. One portion of the ruins rises upon a granite hill about 400 feet in relative height; the other, separated by a slight valley, lies upon a somewhat raised terrace. From the curved and zigzag form still apparent in the ruined walls which cover the whole of the western declivity of the hill, these have doubtless formed a once impregnable fortress. The whole space is densely overgrown with nettles and bushes, and some great trees have intertwined their roots with the buildings. Without exception the walls, some of which have still a height of 30 feet, are built of cut granite stones, generally of the size of an ordinary brick, but no mortar has been used. The thickness of the walls where they appear above ground is 10 feet, tapering to 7 or 8 feet above. In many places monolith pillars of 8 to 10 feet in length, ornamented in diamond-shaped lines, stand out of the building. These are generally 8 inches wide and 3 inches in thickness, cut out of a hard and close stone of a greenish-black colour, and having a metallic ring. During the first hurried visit, Mauch was unable to find any traces of inscription, though carvings of unknown characters are mentioned by the early Portuguese writers. Such however may yet be found, and a clue be thus obtained as to the

age of the strange edifice. Zimbaoe is in all probability an ancient factory, raised in very remote antiquity by strangers to the land, to overawe the savage inhabitants of the neighbouring country, and to serve as a depot for the gold and ivory which it affords. No native mud-hut dwelling tribe could ever have conceived its erection.

Academy.

THAT science is not above giving its attention to little things, is shown in *Le Moniteur Scientifique Quesneville*, for March, in which Dr. Quesneville desires to save our linen from the destructive effects of soda and other washing-powders, by recommending the following mixture: 2 pounds of soap are dissolved in 5 1-2 gallons of nearly boiling water, and to this is added three large table-spoonfuls of ammonia, and one of spirits of turpentine. In this the linen is to be soaked for three hours, when it is readily cleansed, requiring but little rubbing. Ammonia does not affect linen or woolen fibre as soda does.

In the last year there was exported from Nicaragua 100 dols. worth of the waters of Neja-pa, reported to have the virtue of curing drunkenness. This may be recommended to the Liquor League as better than a Maine Liquor Law. In the neighbouring State of Columbia, it is asserted by natives and Europeans, that there is an Indian cure for drunkenness.

Nature.